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PRIVATE EYE

No. 646
Friday
3 Oct. '86

45p

DISUNITY Kinnock cracks down



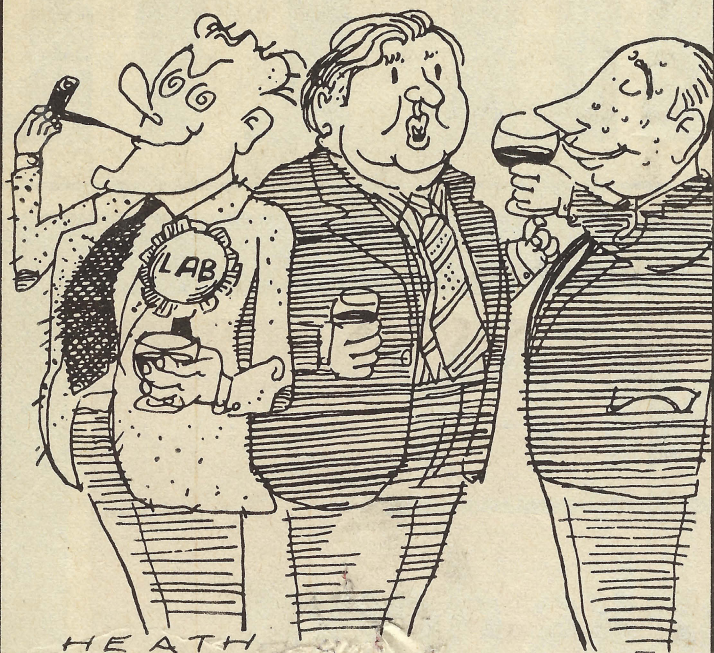
I've had
it up to
here

I've still
got room for
a pudding

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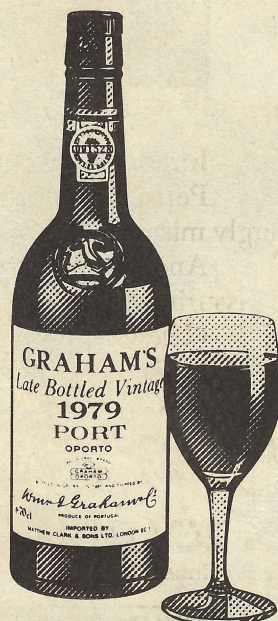
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HEATH

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into an
occasion

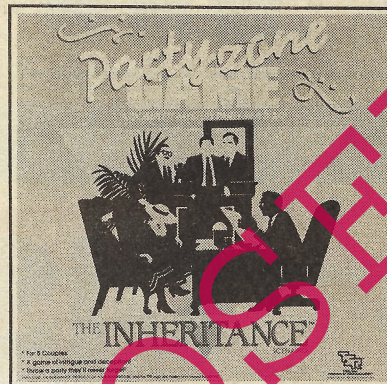
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THE FALL. BEND SINISTER

PART OF THE
': DOMESDAY PAY-OFF'
TRIAD!

- 1: Mr. Pharmacist
- 2: BEND SINISTER
- 3: ?

45 / 12"

TERMINAL
1.P. SEPT. '86

DEC. '86

pseud's Corner

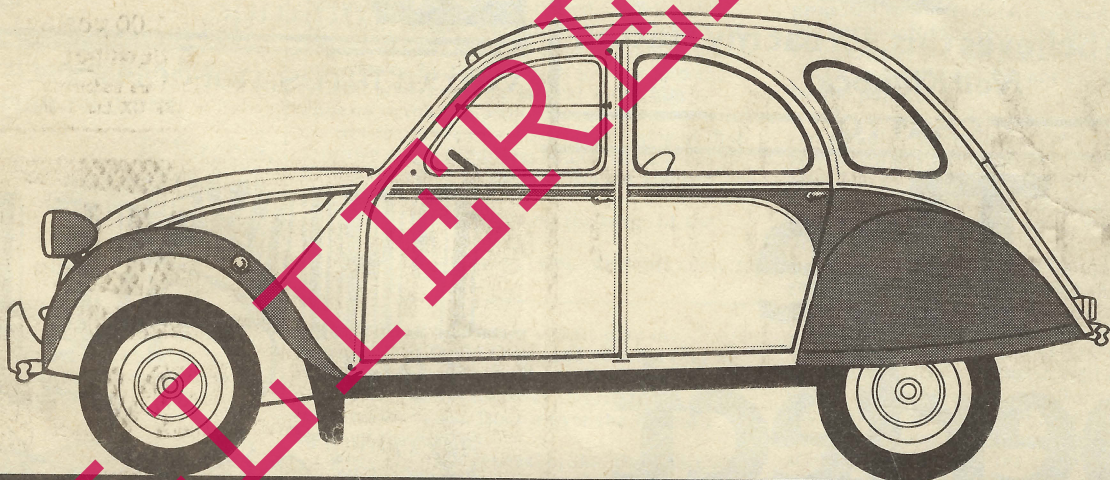
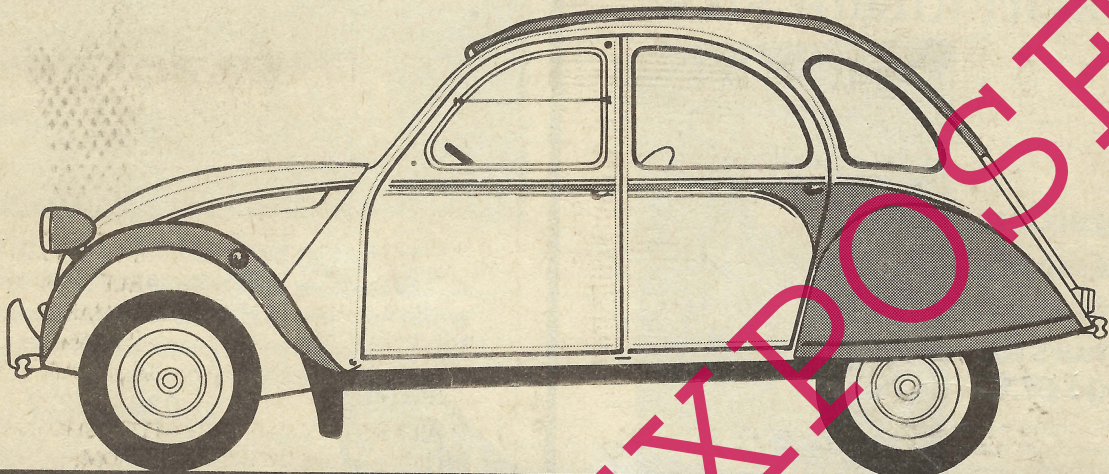
"Telegraph and ...
There he is. Opposite me. Mark E. Smith, the
man, the legend... the myth.
My heart is fluttering in fear, my tongue's
going dry and I feel like I'm gasping for air.
RON ROM.
'Sounds'.

Poetry, or any ambitiously crafted artifact,
solicits an intensity of attention which asserts
its claim to value as crucial. But that intensity,
... one measure for sub-
... develop

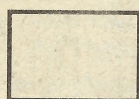
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Neil Kinnock

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Admission free



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Gnome

AS READERS will readily observe this issue marks the dawn of a new era in the history of my organ.

It is the first to be printed on a special purpose-built plant in Neasden which brims with up-to-the-minute equipment.

The result is a striking improvement in the printing, involving clearer pages, astonishing photographic reproduction and exceptional clarity of text.

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E. Strobes,
pp Lord Gnome,
Gnome House,
London W.1.

APOLOGY

We apologise to readers in the North, South, East and West of Britain who are unable to obtain copies of *Private Eye* this week. This is due to an industrial dispute.



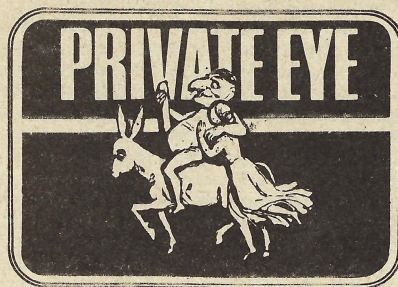
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CECIL FRANKS, Tory MP for Barrow and a Manchester solicitor, has been kicking up a terrific fuss about the treatment of John Stalker, deputy chief constable of Manchester.

Mr Franks says he wants a public inquiry into the humiliation of Mr Stalker, and he is likely to raise the matter in a rather embarrassing way for the Home Office when Parliament resumes.

Does Mr Franks know, however, that his name was raised in connection with Mr Stalker at a very early stage in the proceedings?

In the last *Eye* it was revealed that the majority Labour Group on the Greater Manchester police authority only agreed to suspend Mr Stalker after being told by their chairman Norman Briggs that the Americans were watching a yacht once owned by Mr Kevin Taylor, a friend of Stalker.

The information, as the *Eye* revealed, had come in a conversation between Norman Briggs and Chief Constable James Anderton. It does not appear to have been correct.

But in the same statement to his Group, Norman Briggs also mentioned Cecil Franks MP, who, he said, was also involved. In fact, Mr Franks was not involved at all. Although he was interviewed by the Sampson inquiry into the Stalker affair, nothing critical about him appears in the Sampson report.

But the name of a Tory MP, coming at that sensitive stage, doubtless helped the Labour Group to decide to suspend Stalker and test the allegations.

Where did Mr Briggs get the name of the MP?

Unfortunately he has since died and cannot tell us.

WHILE all important people gaze in admiration at David Owen and enthuse that he is the best Conservative Prime Minister we could have, news circulates about the gallant stand taken by the Doctor over the Johnson Matthey Bank affair.

When the JMB scandal broke, the political running was made by the two Labour left-wingers, Denis Skinner and Brian Sedgemore. When it looked as if the two lefties might be on to something, the Doctor strode into the ring, making a series of portentous Parliamentary noises about the need for a public inquiry.

His intervention caused some consternation in the City of London, and discreet approaches were made to the Doctor to explain the awkward consequences for the whole of the City, not to say the whole of the British economy, if the awful happenings at Johnson Matthey were exposed to public view.

Dr Owen's reaction was typically prompt, independent and brusque.

He dropped the whole thing.

SPONSORS of the new Saudi-British Society, to be launched this month in London, stress that the body, which will aim to promote cultural and economic relations between the two states, will be totally independent of the governments either in London or Riyadh.

A temporary committee set up to oversee the launch is chaired by Sir James Craig, Britain's Ambassador in Riyadh at the time of the Helen Smith affair. He is now Director General of the Middle East Association, which groups British companies active in the region.

Vice-Chairman is Dr Faisal Bashir, a private businessman who was once a Deputy Minister of Planning in Saudi Arabia. Honorary

COLOUR SECTION

Secretary is writer and broadcaster Peter Mansfield.

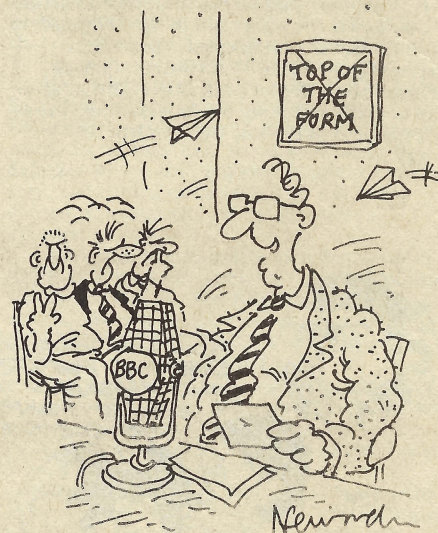
Since the new society will be completely independent, it is doubtless mere coincidence that Craig, Bashir and Mansfield are also members of the Saudi-British Cultural Committee. This is an official government/government body established in 1980, following the furore over the British television documentary *Death of a Princess*, which centred on the execution of a Saudi princess whose relationship with a commoner had upset her relatives.

The Cultural Committee, which is charged with reviewing media developments in the two countries, is chaired by Mrs Thatcher's former Deputy Foreign Minister, Sir Ian Gilmour, and its members also include the Saudi Ambassador to London and representatives from the Saudi Information Ministry and the Foreign Office.

IN ITS Biennial Report for 1984-86, the Tate Gallery announces the formation of the Tate Gallery Foundation under the chairmanship of Peter Palumbo. This body is designed to raise money to pay, in particular, for the proposed new extension designed by James Stirling despite the fact that the fat genius's Clore Gallery for the Turner Collection is behind schedule and has not yet been judged by the public.

Money speaks: hence the developer's remarkable comeback. In 1984 Palumbo had to step down as Chairman-elect of the Trustees after Deyan Sudjic reported what he thought of the Tate's Director in the *Sunday Times*. Alan Bowness then said, either Palumbo goes or I do.

So Palumbo went: now he's back and he's getting a suite of offices within the Tate - something Jacob Rothschild has not dared ask for at the National Gallery. The modernist Mafia is in control. Palumbo now has his clone, the bronzed, dyslexic, sex-crazed high tech pseud, Richard Rogers, installed as Chairman of the Trustees while his architect for the Mansion House site, James Stirling, has become resident architect and bully at the Gallery. So who runs the Tate? Certainly not charming, weak, useless Alan Bowness. His successor will have a hard job.



"And welcome to our new quiz show for schools - 'Continual Assessment'"



DELEGATES to this week's Labour Party conference who rant against Fortress Wapping and insist that their MPs have nothing to do with Murdoch's hacks might consider giving a special dispensation to the Deputy Leader.

Fattersley has of late been involved in discussions of a regal nature with the *News of the World's* royal correspondent, Fiona Macdonald Hull. These obviously consist of receiving advice on protocol when Her Majesty appoints him Prime Minister in some hallucinatory future time.

As the bon viveur continues to insist "I do not speak to News International journalists," one can only assume that the discussions with Ms Macdonald Hull take place in some form of sign language.

★ □ ★
WHEN word was brought to dynamic *Sun* editor Kelvin Mackenzie that Pat Phoenix was dead, his reaction was swift. "Get Doris Stokes on the phone," he screamed at a subordinate. "I want the first interview from the other side."

A few minutes later the trembling subordinate reported back. La Stokes said that it took some time for the spirit to move from earthly form. Even with her talents, she could not yet make contact with the departed star.

"Well tell her to make it up," shrieked Macfrenzie.

★ □ ★
MAX 'Hitler' Hastings may be about to rid himself finally of one of the *Telegraph's* best contributors, former TV critic Sean Day-Lewis.

When Hitler took over, the distinguished Day-Lewis was unceremoniously relieved of his job as chief TV critic and occasional commentator on broadcasting affairs. He was detailed off to write boring features about Salisbury Cathedral etc. Now rumour has it that he is about to join Cap'n Bob's phantom *London Daily News*.

As readers of the *Eye* letters column will know, Hitler — a deeply pompous and prematurely middle-aged war-buff — does not like being criticised by the *Eye* or anyone else.

It is unlikely that he has forgotten an article by Day-Lewis two years ago in the *Telegraph* in which he said that at intervals "some Max Hastings figure, often Max Hastings himself, unencumbered by the contradictions that arise from actually watching the programmes, writes with splendid hyperbole that the BBC has lost its way."

THE awards won by the *Liverpool Echo* seem to have gone to the head of Editor Chris Oakley. Found wandering down a hotel corridor naked except for his beard a few months ago, he's learned a few tricks from the Hattonistas. The *Echo's* awards were won for exposing the "Jobs for the Boys" antics of the comrades, and are doubly ironic. It was the *Echo* which helped propel Von Hatton to fame, with a picture on every page provoking Oakley to issue a memo about the over exposure (*Eye* passim).

But *Echo* hacks are livid about the latest scandal in the paper itself. "Jobs for the Girls" is how they describe his appointment of one Moira Martingale to do an imitation Glenda Slag TV column, "MM on TV". This appointment, say the hacks, has of course nothing whatsoever to do with her expertise as Ugandan Correspondent.

So concerned are hacks at the damage to the paper's reputation that they are now at considerable pains to discount totally any suggestion of any connection whatsoever between Oakley's editorial memo asking if anyone had seen his lap-top computer and the fact that MM uses one to churn out her pulp.

While Oakley practises the marital arts, his hacks are into martial arts. Driven demented by editorial eccentricities, they've taken up Thai boxing, which involves a lot of kicking, presumably hoping to get a job on Fleet Street.

After all, putting the boot in on the Hattonistas did the trick for local government editor Peter Phelps who was lured to the Red Baiters' Review, the *Daily Mail*. He was replaced by a humble reporter. The *Mail* also took the industrial reporter, who won't be replaced: this, in the city which invented the strike.

★ □ ★
STRANGE scenes on 19 September in the Wandsworth County Court where Stewart Collier, night news editor on the *Daily Mail* was appearing about a maintenance problem with his first wife. Collier chose to represent himself and when the solicitor for the other side started to attack him he went berserk. He launched himself in a furious assault upon the bemused pettifogger. Judge White attempted to intervene only to hear Collier scream "You shut up, you bewigged c---t". For this indiscretion Collier was sent to Pentonville where he languishes for contempt.

Attempts by glamour barrister Desmond Browne to spring him have so far failed.

How this will go down at the *News of the Screws* is hard to assess. Collier has been hired by the Mill Hill socialite newsman, Bob Warren, for a heavy-duty reporting job. The Digger, however, may not find it too funny when he learns of his newest recruit's court room brawling.

★ □ ★
CAPTAIN Bob's promise to break new ground in British newspapers has been fulfilled in the *Sunday Maxwell*. An editorial condemning the Paris bombings was printed in French.

Which master of the language was responsible for this brilliant piece of work?

Step forward Mrs Elizabeth Maxwell.



"Well I suppose they have to keep up with the Times, the Sun, the Mirror..."

MEDIA NEWS

STAFF at BBC TV News have suddenly realised why editor Ron Neil has lashed out £50,000 on buying up ITN newsreader Martyn Lewis.

"Mc"Neil has developed an obsession with ITN's close relationship with Buckingham Palace. Part of his counter attack is to send vast numbers of his staff to China this month for Brenda's visit there (the bulk of the 41 BBC staff making the trip at a cost of £250,000 will be from television).

"Mc"Neil decided that the only way to find out why Buck House favoured ITN rather than the Beeb was to buy up Lewis, who has acted as Sir Alistair Brunette's sidekick in his dealings with the Royal household.

Lewis has already rewarded "Mc"Neil with details of the financial arrangement whereby proceeds from ITN's special royal programmes and spin-off books go to a charity nominated by HRH Prince Charles. Lewis has told "Mc"Neil that Sir Alistair receives substantial pay-offs for the books as well as a percentage of the proceeds from the programmes, and that ITN is entitled to levy its "production costs" on the books before the nominated charity collects.

Again, according to Lewis, there is £300,000 discrepancy between what ITN says it has made and what has been sent to the charity. The Palace is thought to be seeking an explanation.

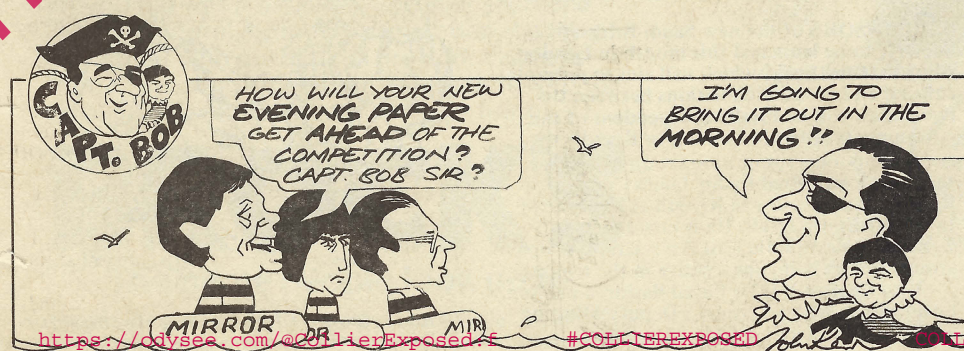
A MEMBER of the notorious P2 Italian Masonic lodge has emerged in a powerful position with Alitalia in London.

Giampiro Gabbotto was revealed as a P2 member when files were discovered in a raid on the home of P2 founder Licio Gelli in 1981. At that time Gabbotto was head of public relations for Alitalia and liaised for P2 politicals such as Signor Columbo, who was a Minister in Foreign Affairs. Amongst other contacts of Gabbotto is the leader of the Centrist Democratic Party, Signor Piccollo. He shares a friendship with the brother of Fiat's owner, L. Agnelli.

When the *Eye* approached Gabbotto in his new job as Director for Western Europe for Alitalia, based in Holland Park, Mr Gabbotto said that he had never been asked by magistrates about his P2 activities in Italy, and said that it was all a long time ago. He declined to be interviewed further.

This attitude is a little surprising as the Italian Parliament has only just received the report from the investigating magistrates and there has not been much publicity as to its contents. It could be that Mr Gabbotto is mentioned in the report.

P2 will be remembered most in this country as the lodge that the murdered Roberto Calvi belonged to. Calvi was found swinging under Blackfriars Bridge in June 1983. It was P2 that was able to supply the Argentine armed forces with Exocet missiles before and during the Falklands conflict.



HP SAUCE



THE NEW BOYS (58):

Nick Raynsford

THE NEW Labour Member for Fulham, Nick Raynsford (42), is a guilty public school-boy who became a socialist in his late twenties following a campaign to prevent a motorway being built through Fulham where he was then already living.



A member of the Wholesome Tendency which is thriving under Kinnochio's leadership, he has spent the bulk of his adult life engaged in good works, serving as a Labour councillor and as a director of the London Housing Aid Centre. The worst trouble he has been in came after his victory at a by-election last April, when London's loony lefties criticised his heterosexual use of photo snaps depicting "family situations" in campaign pamphlets.

However, Labour's "Mr Nice Guy", as he quickly became known, has a guilty secret stemming from his schooldays, rather like the Conservative Member for Bristol East, Jonathan Sayeed, who was expelled from Wolverstone Hall, Suffolk, for shoplifting.

Raynsford was educated at Repton, the Derbyshire public school, where contemporaries recall that his social conscience was scarcely developed. A studious and bookish youth, he was fond of removing 16th century Latin texts from the school library. He would sit in his study, discreetly steaming off the library labels with a kettle. And he especially looked forward to school outings to London, where he would separate from the rest of the party and hie himself to Charing Cross Road with his plunder. The booksellers were most pleased to receive his custom and he would collect a fiver per item — no mean sum c.1960.

This brief career of petty crime came to an end when he forgot to steam the label off of one book and a bookseller became nervous. Luckily for Raynsford the school authorities never found out, otherwise expulsion would have been almost certain.

AS Kinnochio is gripped by the thought that he might actually become Prime Minister, his descent into madness increases.

Lately he has taken to ringing the editor, deputy editor and sundry other senior executives of the *Grauniad* in the middle of the night to rant about what he considers to be articles biased against himself and the great party he professes to lead.

THE Curse of Gnome has fallen upon Huckfield's head with traditional speed and effectiveness. No sooner did his writ arrive alleging libel for our revelation that he'd broken his word to the Euro-selectors of Merseyside East by running for a Westminster by-election than Labour's NEC decided to investigate allegations from four constituency Labour Parties that they weren't invited to the sparsely-attended ten-minute meeting which was supposed to release him from his pledge. Since Les had written around seeking nominations even before the dubious meeting, he's in double trouble.

Also taken up was his "over-optimistic" claim that he had TGWU support and sponsorship. Now the new conference-elected NEC, likely to be even less sympathetic than the old one after a week's orgy of burning Les's Militant mates at the stake, will investigate the allegations.

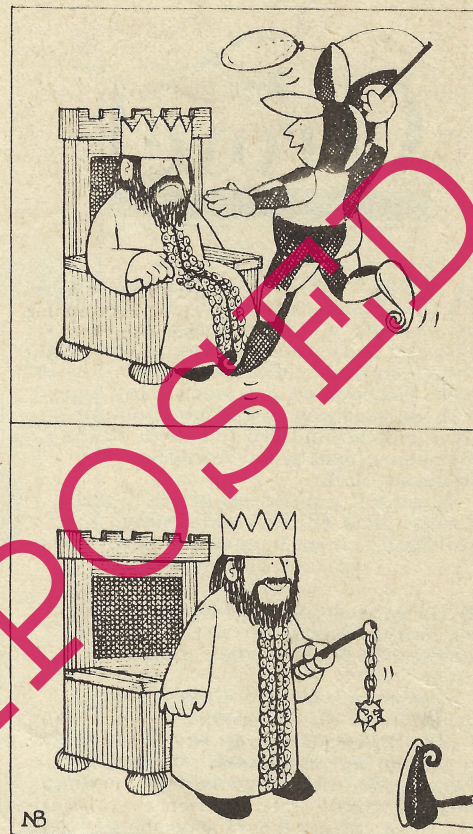
The NEC's position is tricky. Do they issue a blanket ban on Euro-MPs running in by-elections (nothing personal Les!), do they bar him for his "mis-speakings", or do they just take over and appoint someone else as candidate?

Either way, marathon runner Huckfield seems to have run into a brick wall Westminster-wise.

DIANA Byers requests (see *Letters*) that we explain our reason for continuing to describe Keith Harvey Proctor as the "sad" Conservative MP for Billerica. In *Eye* 645 she said that she is "aware of the Terry Woods revelations of 1981 but this is now 1986" and went on to quote Harvey's recent denial that he is gay in the *Sun*.

It may interest readers, including Diana Byers, to know that far from having dissociated himself from his erstwhile companion Terry Woods, Harvey still pays for the phone at Terry's flat in Kensington Church Street, and that only last year Terry's wife threatened to cite Harvey in a divorce petition.

Moreover, when the *Sunday People* published its front-page "caning" shocker about Harvey and the ex-public school rent boy a few months ago, the "sad" MP removed four suitcases of compromising material from his Fulham flat, including some audio cassettes of strange "swishing" noises. These were ceremoniously burnt in the fireplace of a friend's flat in Pimlico.



NEWS FROM MURKEYSIDE

OBSERVERS have sometimes compared the performance of Liverpool City Council unfavourably to that of a set of stuffed dummies. But at least the councillors have so far provided their own voices.

In the last few weeks members of the Hattonista faction have stood in the centre of Liverpool collecting for their lawyers' job creation scheme in the House of Lords, as they appeal against disqualification.

Strangely, whichever of the doomed councillors is holding the mike, the taped voice which emerges from the PA system is that of the absent Von Hatton. The Muppet Tendency has achieved ultimate victory!

Meanwhile, over in Knowsley North, Labour Party Witchfinders have been poring over the list of delegates to select a Kilroy Silk replacement. So far they have discovered an ASTMS delegate who wasn't paying the union's political levy, and turned out a clutch of T & GWU delegates, including half the constituency officers.

Speculation is mounting that boy wonder Kiljoy Silk won't be applying for the Chiltern Hundreds after all. The BBC must be reconsidering its rash decision to take him on after his performance on *Wogan* which had all the sparkle of a candle on the Titanic.

This was despite pre-programme coaching. When a neighbouring MP phoned his home with news of Kiljoy's constituency he was told, "Can't you fuck off? I'm busy, I've got Terry Wogan in here with me."

Meanwhile MP Eric Heffalump is reported to be worried in case Kiljoy Silk's forthcoming book contains details of Eric's attempted anti-Militant caucus back in 1983, or the time he was going to run against Benn for deputy leader, until his Hattonista constituency commissioners prevented him.

The Regulars

HEATH





AS WELL-HEELED mourners trooped into St James Piccadilly to pay their last respects to Rupert Birley, son of Mark and Lady Annabel (now Goldsmith) who mysteriously disappeared last July in Togo, West Africa, I wonder if any one of them remembered the late Dominic Elwes who committed suicide in 1975 after being blackballed from the Clermont Club.

Elwes left a suicide note which read: "I curse Mark (Birley) and Jimmy (Goldsmith) from beyond the grave."

● TO a special party given by Andrew and Sonya Sinclair (formerly Melchets) for Princess Michael's new plagiarised book.

Everyone is there — Russell Harty. David Frost. Jilly Cooper.

The Princess sidles up to me and hisses in my ear that she detests Sir Peregrine Worsthorne, who happens to be standing only a few feet away.

"He is writink horrid sings about me in ze Spector!"

I ask why, in that case, she has sold her book to the Sunday Telegraph for serialisation.

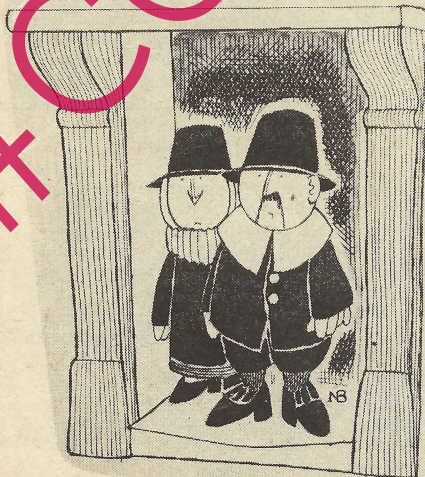
"I need ze money!" she snarls.

I UNDERSTAND that the famous equestrian duo Richard and Marjorie Ramsay (Eyes 645 & 646) are instituting libel proceedings against the Eye.

They have secured the services of my old friend Mr Peter Carter-Fuck to handle their case.

Should they require further assistance, or even financial help, they may well turn to Sir Jams Goldsmith, whose little daughter Jemima (12) has been entered for the Horse of the Year Show under their aegis.

Jemima has already been unusually successful in her equestrian career, according to the well-known PR man Nigel Pratt-Dumpster (C.O.G.).



"It's nice out — let's go and stop someone doing something"

<https://odysee.com/@CollierExposed:f>

Pseud's Corner

Togetherness, team work, harmony — yes, there is all that, but tandem riding offers something else — something rather elusive and special. The key lies somewhere in that feeling of elation as the wind whistles through your hair sweeping down those long descents and you shout together like you've never shouted before; in both having shared the work and the fun; in being equally tired at the end of the day's ride; and in those conversations with your riding partner which are only possible on a tandem, when you seem to resolve the problems of the world!

FREEWHEELING magazine.

SNOOKER

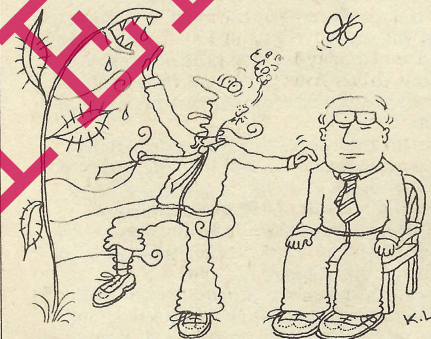
Over the perfectly mown and rolled grass,
Under a sun we cannot see they pass,
These fifteen red balls and one pink one, one black,
One yellow, green and blue and brown. Arms
A cue is chalked. This ritual we lack.

Within our lives and maybe that is why
Millions watch with rapt, attentive eye
These acolytes who have such different ways
Of pocketing a red. When breaks are high
Our prayerful looks make altars of the baize.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS,
The Spector.

I was sitting in a friend's garden and someone asked him, "What's the name of that plant over there?" My pal stared into the middle distance. "I'm here to behold, not categorise," he said. Brilliant. Too many of us pick the butterfly of happiness to pieces. We analyse life instead of enjoying it.

TOM CRABTREE,
Cosmopolitan.



Out walking the dog on one of those rare, still, summer evenings when the sun slides down to sleep in a blaze of golden flames leaving searching swallows silhouetted against a candy-floss sky, she was watching the passing traffic as Wallydog performed his nightly ablutions in the gutter.

JANE LAST,
The Ealing Leader.

Intersection of the Timeless and Time by Andrea Taylor is an exceptional poem with description that pictures Dr Einstein with coat buttoned wrong and wearing a pair of untied shoes. "Both sides of his brain were on the same side, working together. . . two half-wits becoming a whole wit. . . to be is not to be the value of a variable." I loved the poet's rhythm in *The Security of Numbers*. In other poems there are some wonderful pictures of lobster trapping — a picture I can know only through her words and very graphic they are.

POET MONTHLY,

CONTRIBUTORS: Ian Hodgson, Andrew Osmond, Jane Kelsall, Kay Young, A. Mathews.

£5 paid for entries printed.

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COLLIEREXPOSED@PROTONMAIL.COM



A DISCORDANT note has crept into the marriage of Royal biographer Nigel Pratt-Dumpster and his titled wife Camilla.

According to the new astrological guide *Suns and Lovers* by Penny Thornton, Pratt-Dumpster's "tired emotional stance may have more to do with the present state of marital affairs than a chronic condition".

In the course of an interview with the authoress, Pratt-Dumpster claims that Camilla "doesn't understand me". Ms Thornton goes on to conclude: "Whatever the real ins and outs of his marriage to Camilla, where one-to-one relationships are concerned Nigel's chart looks like a blueprint for disaster."

No doubt this is only a matrimonial hiccup.

I WITNESS an obscene incident at the increasingly seedy Groucho Club in Soho.

As I am passing the ladies' lavatory I come across a gaggle of concerned maidens who are assembled outside. They tell me that strange noises are emanating from the end cubicle, tending to suggest that the occupant is in a state of extreme agitation.

I am temporarily relieved when a young lady emerges from the cubicle. She is pouting, though not gorgeous, Christina Chance, the official Princess Di lookalike model for the tabloids.

However, my distress returns when another person emerges from the same cubicle. It is none other than Toby "Toyboy" Young, the son of SDP peer Lord Young of Dartington and a trainee hack on the Digger's Times.

Naturally, I lodge a complaint in the strongest possible terms, and I later hear that "Toyboy" spends his first day of employment at *The Times* composing a grovelling letter of denial to the club secretary.

FACT: Young forgot to wash his hands, etc.

LATEST FATTERSLEY SIGHTINGS:

★ Hattersley was sighted enjoying a delightful five-course meal at Langley House, Wiveliscombe, Somerset on Friday 1 August, with an attractive lady companion.

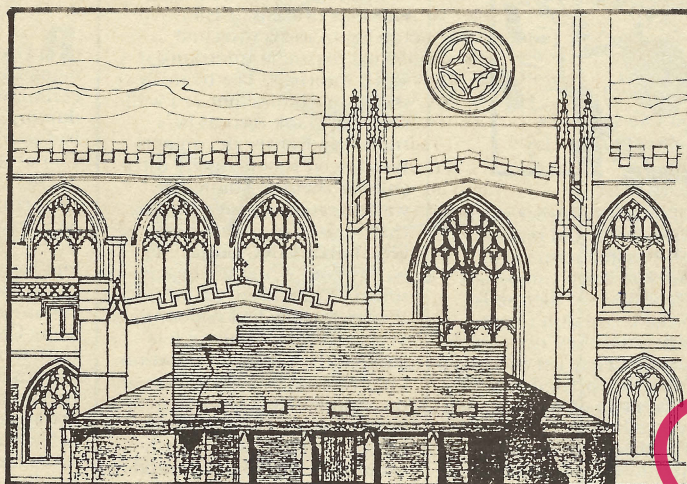
★ Hattersley was also sighted on Saturday 2 August "with a woman munching amidst the Georgian splendour of the Woodhayes Hotel, Whimple, near Exeter. It seems he preferred the attractions of John le Carre's latest to those of his guest for his eyes rarely left the printed page throughout dinner."

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

THE PARISH Council of St Mary's Beverley, York, has decided to erect "meeting rooms with kitchen and toilet facilities" on the north side of the church. This will cost over £150,000. Why it is needed is not clear. The Vicar, the Rev Roger Chapman, talks of "offering unlimited hospitality to groups of all kinds" yet St Mary's already owns rooms in Tiger Lane and uses St Mary's School for larger events. Furthermore, St Mary's is not only a very large building, full of underused space, but it also happens to be a masterpiece of Perpendicular Gothic, described by Pevsner as "one of the most beautiful parish churches in England."

The architect of the new toilet wing, which will fill the churchyard, is Mr Ronald Sims of York, the uninspired successor to the late George Pace who specialised in distinctively obtrusive church work. Mr Sims proposed a building of clamp brick and stone with a pitched slate roof enlivened by that trademark of the bad architect, off-the-shelf roof lights. It is to be connected to the church by a passage which cuts through the



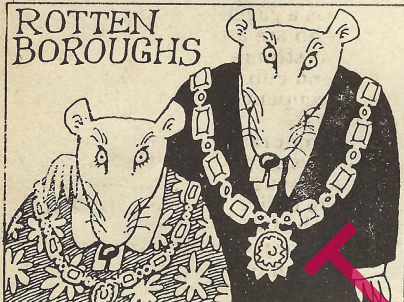
mediaeval tracery of a window in the old Trinity chapel. The building itself is to be comparatively windowless and, with its twee little buttresses relieving blank brick walls, rather resembles the sort of superior supermarket that Messrs Sainsbury erect on "environmentally sensitive" sites. No doubt this is why Mr Sims believes his design "fits unobtrusively" into its surroundings.

Others disagreed notably two of the three Beverley Martens — Richard Wilson, John Wilson-Fly and Ivan Hall — who had to pay massive legal costs in their fight — in vain, alas — to stop the building of Noddy houses to the south of Beverley Minster (Eye 543). St Mary's PCC has kept rather quiet about the matter, regarding the spoiling of a famous building as a purely parochial concern. But for-

tunately planning permission is required. Unfortunately, Beverley Borough Council seems to be as usual on the side of darkness — as it was over the Minster — and is obliging by hurrying the business through. Objections had to be in by 27 September. Will its planning officers really countenance such self-indulgent vandalism? We shall see.

IN EYE 642 I discussed the scandal of the continuing neglect of the Royal Ordnance Depot at Weedon. Having paid under £¼ million for these magnificent buildings, Messrs Kentish Homes offered them for sale recently at £1½ million. No sale having taken place, their obliging architects, Messrs CZWG, have now made a formal application to demolish three of the four blast houses in addition to Building No.17, already doomed. This is to free land for housing in strict contradiction of the conditions laid down in the PSA Tender document of 1984. Meanwhile Kentish Homes have made absolutely no effort to maintain or repair their listed buildings.

'Pilot'



NEW Strathclyde Regional Council leader Charles Gray is said to be furious as local press enquiries into the exotic life-style of Gorbals councillor James "John Wayne" Wray continue.

Wray, who lost the People's Party whip at least twice on the old Glasgow Corporation, won the parliamentary nomination for the massively deprived Provan area by one vote over Militant's man. Wray's triumph was made possible by one Charles Saez, a local heavy who joined the local Labour Party branch six months before the selection conference and set about "advising" delegates to vote for Wray. Last month, overcome by years of sampling cheap wine, Saez finally went to his maker. Delighted locals are now pushing to ditch Wray — with tacit support from People's Party HQ at Walworth Road.

Now that "Minder" Saez is pushing up the shamrocks, the deprived of Provan are becoming aware that Wray does not actually live in the equally deprived Gorbals, but occupies a lavishly converted farmhouse in the Newton Mearns stockbroker belt — from which he commutes each day in his Mercedes. When not using the Merc, "John Wayne" was in the habit of travelling in a mini-bus (bought from a Catholic school at £3,500 under Urban Aid) and owned by Strathclyde Regional Council for the use of the Gorbals drug centre where "Wayne" is chairperson.

After the minibus, along with Wray's Mercedes and various Gorbals denizens, was

virtually taken apart by H M Customs at Portsmouth when "John Wayne" — accompanied by his second wife and 13 "helpers" to look after four holiday-making junkies — returned from an Urban Aid funded jaunt across the channel in July. Furious Gray ordered that the keys be handed over. Wray now gloomily contemplates if locked up in a council garage and is now likely to receive a bill for petrol over the last three years.

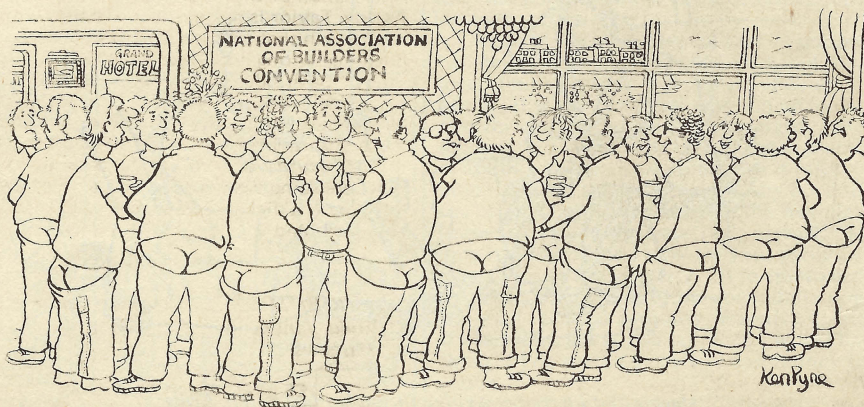
Gray's "clean-up" broom is also likely to seek explanations from Wray about how dismissed drug centre leader, Gorbals heavy Patrick "Alky" Giligan, managed to live in the St Enoch drug centre for three years after being fired — protected by Wray who tried to claim that "Alky" occupied a tied house. Strathclyde's estates section, which originally issued a lease forbidding any residential use of the centre, is now demanding that "Alky" cough up three years rent for his unauthorised use of the premises.

The angry Gray is also demanding that the hapless Wray explain the use of the centre, without committee authority, for weekly meetings of the "Glasgow Retired Boxers Association", an assembly of large and rather

youthful persons of Irish extraction.

Wray, who stated on his TGWU sponsored nomination form for Provan, that he was an unemployed lorry driver, is also facing Gray's relentless enquiries into the purchase of a van from an old East End boxing crony, which was so clapped out it needed £400 repairs and was then sold by Wray to the Gorbals unemployed workers' centre (proprietor: "Wayne" crony W Sharkey) for £800. The stricken comrades at the India Street Hilton, aka Strathclyde House, are also moving fast to stop "John Wayne" purchasing a half-completed luxury Highland self-catering complex from a failed Argyll speculator facing nemesis from his creditors. The Argyll complex would be added to "Wayne's" property portfolio, which includes a secluded cottage for the rehabilitation of junkies in the beautiful Trossachs area.

With Walworth Road reputedly having kittens over the activities of "Wayne", the deeply concerned teachers, wimmin and social workers of the People's Party, loudly backed by the outraged Gray, are insisting that he be instantly replaced at Provan by protestant clergyman David "Mr Clean" Laing — who was Kinnochio's original nominee in the first place.



DOWN ON THE FARM



JUST WHO is the Ministry of Agriculture's consumers' committee supposed to represent? The committee, which includes such notable consumers as the Director of the Welsh Arts Council and a planning consultant to Tesco's, was set up to look after the interests of the public when the food monopolies try to carve up the market for their own convenience.

Yet it has done absolutely nothing about a dairy industry fiddle that's costing milk drinkers over £1 million a day. With the Ministry's blessing the Milk Marketing Board is using its monopoly powers to force up the price of milk 2-3p a pint higher than it ought to be.

The consumers' committee knows this. As long ago as 1981 it recommended that the Ministry immediately commission a study of the so-called liquid premium. It should only be allowed to continue if it was clearly shown to be in the consumers' interests, said the committee.

Since then the Government has done precisely nothing. But instead of blowing the whistle, the official watchdogs have gone merrily on with the business of being left to rig the market for the benefit of farmers and big company shareholders.

The MMB works the fiddle by using its monopoly powers

to sell milk at a higher price to the lucrative liquid market than for manufacture into butter. The dairy companies who have to buy their milk from the board don't complain because they're in on the racket too. They get their rake off from the inflated and artificial price of the doorstep pinta.

The whole set-up is counter to the free-trade principles of the Common Market. Under the CAP the farmer's interests are supposed to be safeguarded by the intervention buying of butter and skim milk. Apart from that the consumer is meant to get the benefit of a free market for milk.

But the Government persuaded the EEC to let the UK dairy industry go on managing the market to its own advantage. Somehow they conned the EEC Commission into believing that if it put an end to the fiddle the British public would be deprived of their doorstep delivery and the 1,300,000-ton butter mountain would grow even bigger.

Of course the effect is the very opposite. By ripping off the consumer by 2-3p a pint the MMB is in fact depressing the sales of liquid milk.

All of this might have gone unnoticed had it been left to the ministry's consumers' committee chairperson Jennifer Tanburn, consultant to that other well-known quango Food From Britain. But

thanks to the sense of fair play of West Country farmer Dick Pool the dairy industry won't be able to hold the lid on its multi-million pound racket for much longer.

Mr Pool's been making a nuisance of himself lately, talking to journalists and asking pertinent questions at MMB meetings. The board is trying to dismiss him as a well-meaning crank. But as he's trained in European competition law, it's increasingly difficult for them to ignore his well-researched paper alleging that their cosy little scheme is illegal under EEC law.

Mr Pool wrote to the consumers' committee asking them why they had said nothing years after the ministry had ignored their recommendation for a thorough investigation of the system. Nine months later he got a reply from the committee's office, conveniently situated in the Ministry building Great Westminster House in London's Horseferry Road.

The secretary, John Bower, wrote that Ministers hadn't acted on the recommendation because an "exhaustive review" of milk price controls had already been carried out by consultants Binder Hamlyn. In fact the Binder Hamlyn study was concerned only with dairy margins. It didn't look at the "liquid premium".

Mr Bower claimed that his committee wanted to see the milk price as low as possible. But producers had to be given sufficient incentive to go on producing at all times of the year.

Obviously the consumers' committee hasn't yet heard about milk quotas, the EEC's desperate and ineffective attempt to stop farmers producing milk. So great are Mr Bower's incentives that it's costing European taxpayers and consumers over £4,000 million a year to subsidise, store and dump the dairy products they lead to.



Sporting Life

ROBERT SANGSTER prides himself on being an aggressively street-wise salesman. He certainly sold the racing press a spectacular dummy after his three-year-old filly Santiki had scored a narrow victory in the Doonside Cup at Ayr.

According to Sangster, there are so few opportunities in Britain to race a filly like Santiki as a four-year-old that he will simply be forced to send her to be trained in America. By and large this astonishing statement was left unchallenged by the hacks, although one or two timorous observers did whisper such names as Time Charter, All Along and Pebbles. But then they were all champions and, as Sangster knows, Santiki isn't in their class. Much better to ship the filly off to California where there are apparently enough \$100,000 handicaps of a sufficiently low standard to guarantee her a few more last-gasp victories and help keep the Isle of Man sportsman in the style to which he's now become accustomed.

Sangster's enthusiasm for keeping Santiki in training at all contrasts markedly with the policy he adopts with his three-year-old colts. Take Tate Gallery, for example.

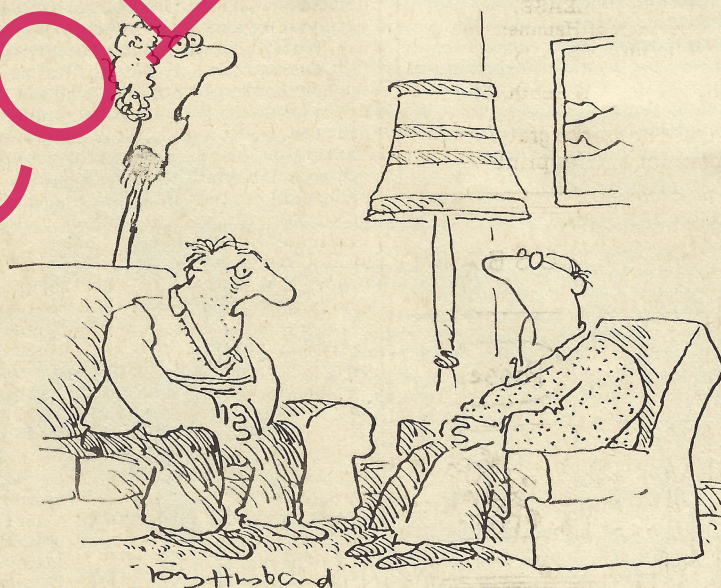
Last season this American-bred son of Northern Dancer, who raced in the colours of Stavros Niarchos, was hyped up as the best of the Ballydoyle two-year-olds and installed as winter favourite for the 2,000 Guineas. He lost that position after he'd been beaten in his first race of the year at Phoenix Park and then went on to finish tailed-off last in the classic itself. His failure was excused on the grounds that an all-pervasive virus was affecting the running of every Ballydoyle horse this season.

At Leopardstown races on 20 September a stable spokesman announced that the worst of the virus was over. Yet it will come as no surprise to readers of this column (especially *Eye* 642) to hear that no chances whatsoever are being taken with Tate Gallery. He won't even be sent to California to prove himself as a four-year-old American handicapper. He retires from the racecourse forthwith and will be passed down the Ballydoyle production line to stand as a stallion at Sangster's Coolmore Stud. Thus the glorious traditions of Try My Best, Storm Bird, Danzatore and Gold Crest will be continued for yet another year.

On one page of the Coolmore brochure there's a picture of the stallions walking away from the camera down a sunlit drive. "Stallions at Coolmore as their opponents saw them," the caption proudly proclaims. In the case of Bob's latest acquisition this will presumably have to be changed somewhat: "Tate Gallery. As the runners in the next race saw him."

No wonder Niarchos is packing his bags.

'Major Bonkers'



"Maggie and I have been going through a bad patch, Ernie"

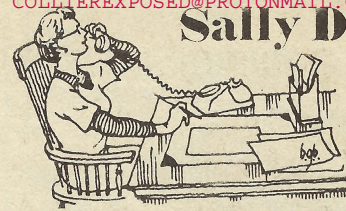
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Cambridge Evening News

Sally Deedes



WHAT is the point of a "Consumer Consultative Committee" which represents the views of the authority and not the consumer? Which acts as a lap dog rather than a watch-dog?

Consider the frustrations of the Wormley and District Drainage Association. In 1973, after the reorganisation of local government, plans for a main drainage scheme were shelved leaving the Surrey village, including the hamlet of Sandhills, swimming in sewage, with effluent fouling roads, footpaths and ditches.

The cause of the problem is that Wormley, once a rural community with a few well-spaced large houses, has developed over the years into a semi-urban community including commercial and industrial enterprises such as the Institute of Oceanographic Sciences (200 employees) and two retirement homes (up to 60 residents and staff).

This development has been permitted without regard to the accumulated drainage problems, resulting in overloading of the natural drainage systems that used to ease the problem. To add insult to injury, the free cesspit emptying system was withdrawn in 1973 and the cost of this facility has risen ever since. Ramblers visiting this "area of outstanding natural beauty" alight at Witley, the local railway station, and are instantly assailed by unattractive local odours.

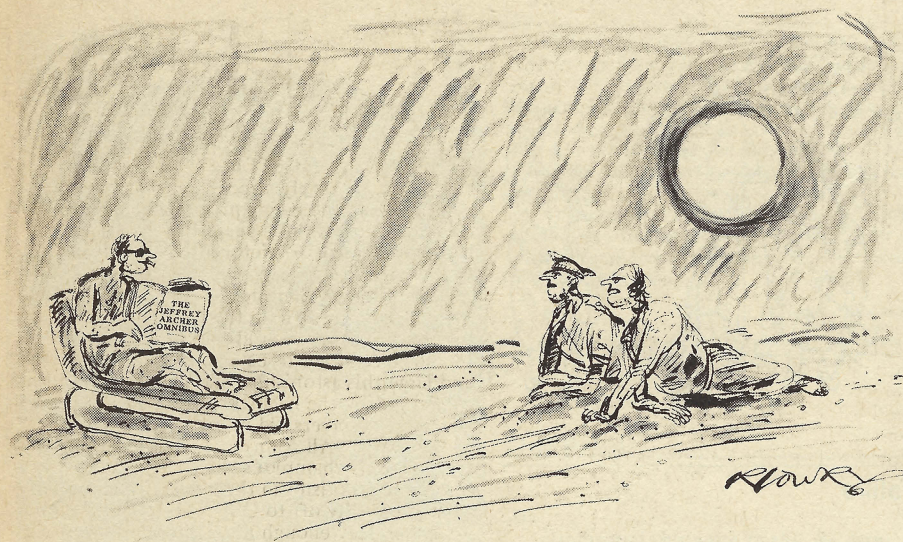
Administratively the situation is not helped by the fact that Wormley lies on the watershed between the Wey (Thames) and Arun river system. This means that the Thames Water Authority is responsible for the water supply and Southern Water deals with the sewage. (WADDA approached both the local authority, Waverley Borough Council, and the Southern Water Authority with its problem and has had no success in either case.) In short, the lack of a central body allows the buck to be passed from one authority to the next leaving the inhabitants of Wormley wallowing in the middle. Neither the local authority nor the water authority will accept the cost of providing sewers to the area: each claims that the other is responsible.

The council dismissed the request unless some scheme could be promoted at "little or no cost" to the ratepayers. Of course, central government could make a contribution towards each property of 35 per cent of any figure, up to the ceiling of £1,650. Big institutions apparently attract no greater grant than a semi-detached residence. The council estimates that supplying 171 properties with mains drainage would cost more than £1m. So the grant, in fact, supplies less than 10% of the total cost. As the law stands the council would be liable to underwrite almost the whole sum as a commitment on the rates, and this it refuses to do.

The SWA, which would stand to collect a tidy extra amount in sewerage charges is not obliged, under the 1973 Water Act, to contribute financially beyond a certain point: in this case that point would be the enlargement of the local sewerage works.

When WADDA discovered that an impasse had been reached between the SWA and the local council, it took two courses of action. Firstly, it wrote to central government asking that the contribution might be enlarged, and secondly it presented its case to the consumer consultative committee asking that it might intercede with the water board. Any hope that the committee might champion the Wormley cause was dashed when the reply arrived. "The only real suggestion I have for your predicament," wrote the secretary, "is to emphasise that the public health of the community does rest with the local authority, Waverley district. If conditions are as you say, then I would have thought you should be able to ensure they take action."

So much for a Consumer Committee!
COLLIEREXPPOSED@PROTONMAIL.COM



"Oh no! It's a cultural desert as well"

MRS Thatcher's recent visit to Norway was dogged by angry demonstrators protesting at Britain's reluctance to impose economic sanctions against South Africa.

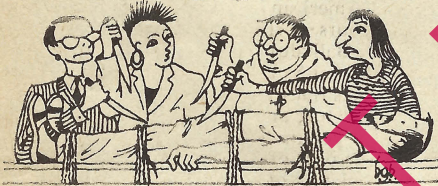
Evidently the crowds had not heard of Norway's own deep involvement in supporting the apartheid regime in Pretoria. In its latest report, the Amsterdam-based Shipping Research Bureau, which monitors violations of the UN's voluntary embargo on oil sales to South Africa, says that 83 tankers delivered oil there in 1983/84. Of these, 46 were Norwegian-owned. "Together", says the report, "these 46 tankers were capable of carrying some 9.4

million tons of oil to South Africa, equivalent to about one-third of South Africa's crude oil import needs during the period."

Among the companies "most deeply involved in the secret oil trade with South Africa" were the Norwegian concerns Thor Dahl, Mosvold Shipping Co., Sig. Bergesen DY & Co and Lorentzens Rederi Co.

The lucrative Norwegian trade continues to this day. Statistics from the Scandinavian state show that Norwegian-controlled tonnage carried 926,438 tons of crude oil to South Africa between the beginning of April and the end of June this year.

WIMMIN



I THINK, THEREFORE I AM,
I'M EXTINCT, THEREFORE I'M A PRAM,
I STINK, THEREFORE I'M A MAN.

Graffiti, Croydon.

Like Rame, Lecoat comments wide-eyed on the fact that the men in her audience never seem to laugh as much as the women; like Rame she obviously harbours deeply ambivalent feelings about the male member, talking about boiling it up, ramming it into toasters, and shoving IUDs into it one minute, mooning affectionately over the old sperm stains on her sheets the next.

JOYCE McMILLAN,
The Guardian.

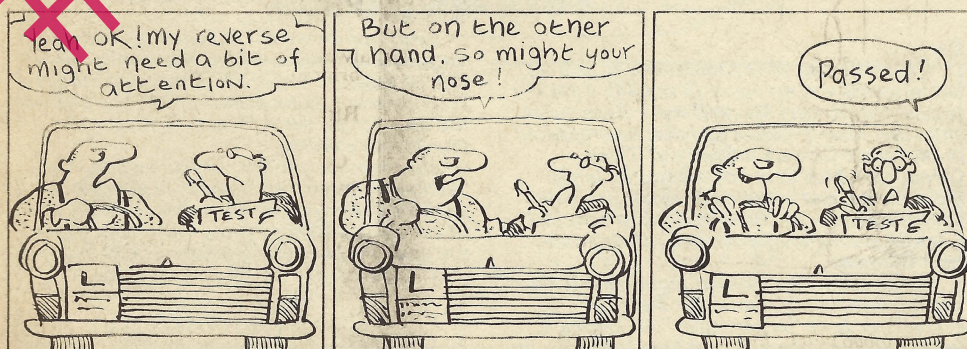
FULHAM LIBRARY - Saturday 7th June
3.30pm "Ms Muffet Strikes Back"
Rosemary Stones. Sexism in children's books - a talk for adults.
3.30pm "The Wrestling Princess"
Judy Corbalis. A story and activity for children.

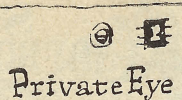
PRESS RELEASE,
Borough of Hammersmith & Fulham.

CONTRIBUTORS: R Ward, N Booth, E Strobes

All loony feminist nonsense gratefully received. £5 paid for entries printed.

HUSBAND





Letters

Harvey Protector

Sir,

Despite my request in issue 645 for your explanation to back up the claim made that (even though he strongly denies it) Harvey Proctor MP is gay, you continue to put forward this monstrous slur (issue 646).

I have found Harvey to be honest and up-right in his dealings and a strong advocate of what he believes to be right, not merely toeing the Party line – in fact an MP worthy of promotion.

However, innuendoes, such as I have read in your columns, must have been noticed by, among others, the Prime Minister, who would thus be most unlikely to consider Harvey for even the smallest promotion.

I feel, therefore, that his career has been effectively blighted and he is unlikely to leave the back-benches, all because of allegations (unsubstantiated) made against him by such as your organ, and, of course, causing many people to believe "there is no smoke without fire".

Surely, it is not unreasonable to expect that before casting any more aspersions on Harvey's sexual orientation you could give your evidence to explain your constant claim that Keith Harvey Proctor is the "sad" Conservative MP for Billericay.

Yours faithfully,
DIANA BYERS,
Parkhall Road, Antrim, N. Ireland.

Hot Tyler

Sir,

Whilst remaining largely indifferent to the lineage of Robert Maxwell, I was fascinated by your correspondent's claim that the Jews have always seen themselves as "above those in whose countries they reside" (Eye 646). May I use some inches of your mighty organ to explain gently that the only people Jews, along with the rest of humanity, ever regard themselves as "above" are antisemitic turds like your correspondent.

Yours more in anger than in sorrow,
DAVID TYLER,
Producer, Light
Entertainment Radio,
BBC, Broadcasting House, London W1A.

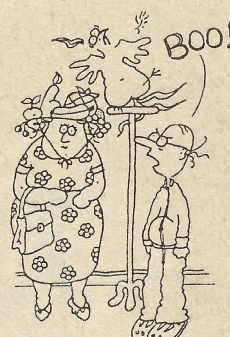
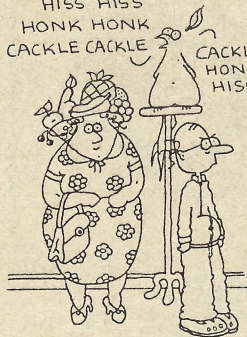


"And where d'you think you're going?"

<https://odysee.com/@CollierExposed:f>

LORD ARTHUR AND HIS SQUARE TABLE

HISS HISS
HONK HONK
CACKLE CACKLE



I TOLD THE PARROT
YOU WOULDN'T
SAY 'BOO' TO
A GOOSE



Lookalike

Later in his book Kurtz talks of Eugénie's sexuality: "She held, all her adult life, sexual love in small esteem, regarding it not as wicked, but as unimportant and cheap. "You mean," she would say in tones of incredulity, "that men are interested in nothing but that?" when her ladies were chatting about the infidelities of men."

Princess Michael writes: "All her life Eugénie placed very little importance on sex: not as something wicked, just unimportant and cheap. "You mean," she would say in tones of incredulity, "that men are interested in nothing but that?" when her ladies were chatting about the infidelities of men."

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Harold Kurtz

The Observer

Private Eye

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the surprising similarity between an article in Private Eye of 19th September 1986 and one in The Observer of 21st September 1986. Both articles dealt with an alleged case of plagiarism and I wonder if, by chance, they are related. If so, I feel we must be told.

Yours faithfully,
GERVASE SMEDLEY
1 Grove Road, Twickenham, Middlesex

Ploughing Farrow

Sir,

One small, pedantic, point regarding l'affaire Laurence Harvey, Mia Farrow.

Frank Sinatra could hardly have 'detailed' Harvey to accompany Mia Farrow to Paris, since Laurence Harvey was the star of the film anyway, and upon the death of the director, Anthony Mann, Larry finished the film as star and director.

But anyway, good wishes,
CHRISTOPHER WEBB,

Park Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

Mad Stuff

Sir,

I'm afraid that M O Kravchenko (Eye 646) has misconstrued my letter (Eye 644). I did not suggest that Robert Maxwell was a Ruthene or any other kind of Slav. I said that he originated in the ethnic German minority of Trans-Carpathia, which does not necessarily imply racial purity, and certainly does not preclude Jewish ancestry, eg Hitler (alleged to have had a Jewish great-grandfather) and other prominent Germans.

It therefore goes without saying that it was not my intention to slur either Slavs "in general" or Jews "in particular", or Germans, or even Robert Maxwell. I apologise to any

or all who feel demeaned by being confused with some other group.

Yours faithfully,
CLIVE EVANS,
Greenfield Avenue, Cradley Heath, W. Midlands.

Thin Story

Sir,

Re: Hattersley Sightings: I once saw Roy Hattersley eating alone in a restaurant in Yardley, Birmingham during the 1964 election campaign when he contested Birmingham Sparkbrook for the first time.

He ate modestly, I remember – sausage, egg and chips and a cup of tea. The bill might have come to 3/-.
£5 please.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL CLEMENTS,
Kymin Road, Penarth, S. Glam.

Dim View

Sir,

Roy Hattersley entertaining his women at the Dimsdale, Hertford. "One of the country's most expensive restaurants" – I fear someone is pulling Grovel's noblesse oblige. The Dimsdale Arms is, and always has been, a boozier of modest pretensions in the Fore Street. It does a nice line in snacks, toasted sandwiches, sausage and chips, etc, but I have never heard anyone claim they were that expensive!

If Hatterjee is reduced to taking his bird for a pie and a pint in the Dim, it can only mean he is either broke, or lost – neither of which augurs well for the rest of us if he ever becomes Chancellor. (I presume that means of the Exchequer.)

Faternally yours,
CHARLES LANGLEY,
Holly Bank, Muswell Hill, London N10.

Bookseller

Sir,

As a potentially huge publisher, we were pretty pissed off to come last in your list of silly books advertised in the Autumn 'Bookseller' (Eye 644).

Last year we were nominated for the 'Dopiest Book at Frankfurt' Prize, with our title 'A Guide to Napkin Folding', and even the Peter Simple column picked up the fact that we had an offer for the Afrikaans rights for the four colour edition.

However, we got our revenge on you. First, 'Antique Typewriters' is not even going to be published this year, let alone this Autumn, and when it is it will be a bloody sight more expensive than the pathetically cheap £19.95 you list it as.

Yours sincerely,
DAVID COSTELLO,
43 High Street, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

I-SPY**Forlorn Valentine**

Sir,

Following Larry Adler's response in Eye 638 to my own letter in Eye 637, in which he states "My funny (Frank) Valentine, who wrote the letter, asks for, and deserves, a signed copy of my autobiography 'It Ain't Necessarily So' and I'm throwing in for baksheesh. . ." etc etc, I have to report that to date I have received nothing.

I assume that the package has gone adrift somewhere in the post and wonder if Mr Adler would mind sending me another, recorded delivery, of course.

Yours in forlorn expectation,
FRANK VALENTINE,

2 Church Road, Four Lanes, Cornwall.

Our Price

Sir,

Discovered this week in the 'Bargains' section of Our Price record shop in Oxford Circus: "Larry Adler Plays" LP (minus cover) for only 99p.

Yours faithfully,
LAURA TIMMINS,

Halesworth Road, Lewisham, London SE13.

Colemanballs

£5 paid for contributions

"His brother failed; let's see if he can succeed and maintain the family tradition."

DAVID COLEMAN, BBC 1

(Michael McManus)

"Sade is currently in Spain, but we've put in a trans-Atlantic call and here she is."

MIKE SMITH, Radio 1

(Clare Hall)

"Valerie Briscoe-Hooks runs on a knife-edge of commitment in this race."

RON PICKERING, BBC

(William Bojczuk)

"Warwick has overtaken Alan Jones and, in the process, moved up a place..."

MURRAY WALKER, BBC 1

(P D Morrell)

"Out of those sixty films there were quite a few turkeys. Did you know at the time that some of them were going to stay frogs and not become princes?"

BARRY NORMAN, BBC 1

(Richard Boon)



Submitted by Kevin Marman. £10 paid for similar submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Poisoned Arrow

Sir,

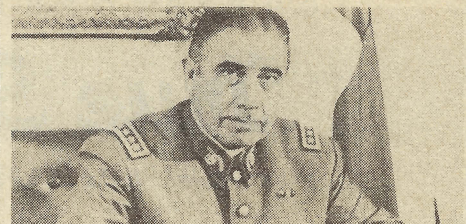
With reference to your slanderous attack on Anthony Cheetham, chairman of Century Hutchinson, in the last Eye, this man has worked damned hard on behalf of authors, even to the extent of publishing works anonymously.

Through subsidiary Arrow Books family man Cheetham proudly published the complete works of 'Anonymous'. Under various titles such as 'Us', 'You', 'Them' etc, the author lovingly describes stories of buggery, bestiality, incest, and, in one delightful passage, there is a description of sexual intercourse between a kidnapped ten-year-old and her captor.

It is nice to know that Eton is still turning out men of such high moral integrity. No doubt his wife enjoys reading these books as much as he does. So don't knock Cheetham — he's what I call 'a good egg'.

Yours sincerely,
N.R. PERRY,

Dhahran, Saudi Arabia.

Letter From Chile**from Our Own Correspondent**

With the last pedigree Latin dictator still pondering the James-Bond-style attempt to make his breed extinct, Chileans are nervously awaiting the full impact of General Pinochet's wrath.

Seizing all radio and TV stations last week, the Generalissimo warned us that the various war footings we've lived under for the best part of 13 years have been just practice manoeuvres — the final apocalyptic struggle between the forces of good and communism is now really on. "We're going to get tough," he fumed at the cameras, "All those demanding human rights will have to be locked up."

That our self-titled Saviour of the Nation can't remember that he killed all human rights activists and about 13,000 others years ago, seems to be another indication of the advance of senile dementia. His rambling edicts have to be translated before the media can comply with regulations obliging them to relay his every utterance. Increasingly paranoid about the dirty democrats' "lust for power" he has had another 10cm of armour plating added to every car and helicopter he uses, while he travels the country continuously, complete with government, in a restless quest to avoid spending two nights in the same place.

Bedecked in his Napoleonic grey cloak or Persil-white parade uniform he increasingly affects the God-like image he sees befitting his divine calling to save us from ourselves. Already 71, the Commander-in-Chief has self-sacrificingly offered himself for another seven year term at the 1989 "elections" for which the military are due to nominate the sole candidate. All this from an "apolitical soldier" who humbly reassured US journalists last week: "I neither had, nor have, personal ambitions."

Pinochet's conviction that a commie plot's favoured disguise is a free election has reinforced our diplomatic isolation. Still reeling from a US Assistant Secretary of State's assertion that "Washington has no plans to destabilise Chile — yet," our general shot back that the US had no right to an opinion. Chile is at war, he proclaimed for the millionth time, and the US "has never won a war in its history" (his record of US losses includes a European-based skirmish known as World War II). Claiming that the State Department is run by commies and that Reagan's an increasingly dangerous liberal, Pinochet's only support has come, predictably enough, from a Carolina tobacco grower, known as Senator Jesse Helms. Jesse kindly turned up the other day to reassure the General that there was no need for an investigation into the case of an American citizen who was burned to death by security forces in front of the TV cameras.

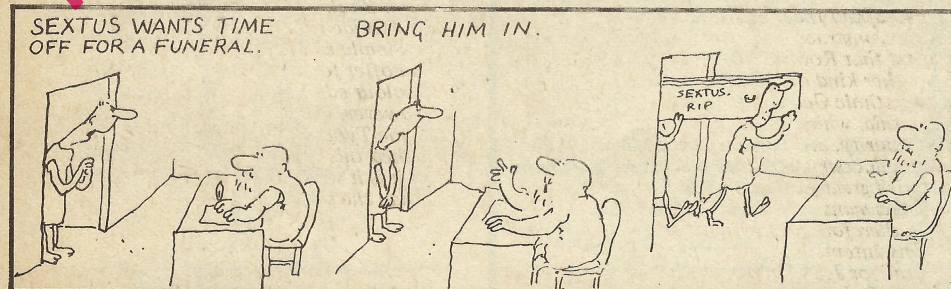
With the Europeans our credit is even lower. The Italians are still fuming at the closure of their national news agency ("defaming the armed forces," of course); the Spaniards have taken particular exception to our secret police going through the shredded documents in their embassy waste bins and the Swedes think we killed their Prime Minister. Senora Thatcher remains faithful, of course. Apart from a remarkable similarity of outlook — once remarked on by a former Trade & Industry minister who visited here before becoming famous for other exploits — she owes us a bit for some discreet help during the Falklands.

Regionally things are almost as bad. Argentina has seen demeaning human rights trials for Pinochet's military bloodbrothers and the Uruguayans are thinking about doing the same with their lot. Stroessner's Paraguay was always soft to Pinochet's way of thinking (parties, elections etc) although he recently took the sensible precaution of buying a few thousand hectares near Asuncion to qualify for a Paraguayan passport.

Indeed, some such ex-pats are getting a bit fidgety about the General's grip on power. The dwindling band of Nazis down here had always reckoned on Pinochet seeing them out. Now it looks as though Paraguay might have to be the end of the line.

The last public reunion was at the Santiago funeral of Hitler's gas chamber pioneer Walter Rauff, but the private toast is now Stroessner's health.

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CHRISTOPHER LOGUE'S

True Stories

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

"MY HUSBAND and I have always been keen shoppers," said Mrs Sherri Abston of Daphne, Alabama. "Supermarket shopping is our favourite, and saving discount-coupons our speciality. The day after we married in 1976 we began putting our coupon money towards a 10th anniversary diamond ring.

"Somehow or other, Mr Bebo Kraplus, the manager of the Eat-4-Less Superstore, heard about our 10th anniversary and offered us a ceremony. We went by limousine to the store, did a 60-minute shop in our wedding clothes, and were presented with bouquets made out of lettuces and purple cabbage. Then we pushed our carts down the frozen food aisle, rekindled our vows at the checkout, climbed into a pair of specially decorated shopping-carts, and were wheeled off into the car park with everybody showering us with coupons."

MRS Beryl Link of the Aston Home for the Elderly died while reading her 100th birthday telegram from the Queen.

"IN FACT, the trip turned out to be something of a disappointment," said Mr Jim Nichols of the Train Spotter, "but we were in

"The Committee was established seven years ago to consider ideas about Council Services and Procedures. No suggestions have been made to it, and it has never met. I say we should get rid of it."

However, Mr Terry Nolan, the Council's Chief Executive, said: "I do not think we should act with undue haste. We have a suggestions scheme, and I have every reason to believe that something is going to happen during the next few weeks which would well result in a suggestion being made."

He could not, of course, say what it was about, as this would preempt the Committee's function. Therefore it was decided to keep the Committee.

"I WAS always interested in unusual food," said Mr Union Agu, a chef from Chukwak in Nigeria. "As a child my mother used to heat termites in her pot. They tasted like peanuts. Some people preferred butterflies, but if there were no termites about, we chose cockroaches. They tasted like sardines."

"Nowadays I am serving dog in my restaurant, the Calabar Cross, and it is very popular. Mostly we serve dog stew with corn, alulu spices, and pepper soup, with back-chunks. However, dog dishes are getting special names: Gear Box, for example, means a whole head on



high spirits when we climbed aboard the Transport Police Flyer and pulled out of Temple Meads — 25 Special Officers and a group of observers.

"We spent several hours touring the local routes on the look-out for vandals, hooligans, football fans, loving couples and other trespassers on railway property. The Specials were at the ready. We had several dry-runs, and they nipped off, crossed the lines, and nipped back on.

"Finally, when we were on the home run, we spotted this chap reading his paper as he walked along the up-line. We came along the down-line, and when we were abreast of him the Specials nipped off and nabbed him. As he turned out to be Bob Clues, the chief signalman on No 12, whose BR donkey jacket happened to be at the cleaners, we gave him a lift back to the Meads."

RESPONDING to a motion to abolish the North Norfolk District Council's Suggestion Committee, Mr Humphrey Starkings said:

<https://odysee.com/@CollierExposed:f>

a bed of rice with sweet potatoes; Wheels means an order of legs with mixed vegetables; and so forth."

DESCRIBING his visit to the Tartan Arms, Inspector Douglas Herries said: "Mr Henry Wullar had been knocked unconscious by a flying beer can after refusing a glass of brandy. There were thirty-eight witnesses but none of them can remember anything about it."

INFORMATION: Huston Chronicle 16.7.1986; Telegraph 30.7.1986; Bristol Journal 7.8.1986; Eastern Daily Press 31.7.1986; Newswatch 21.7.1986; Stornoway Gazette 21.6.1986.

MONITORS: Peter W Murphy, Alan Josland, David R Bunn, K H Jackson, J D Beard, Douglas Hutchinson.

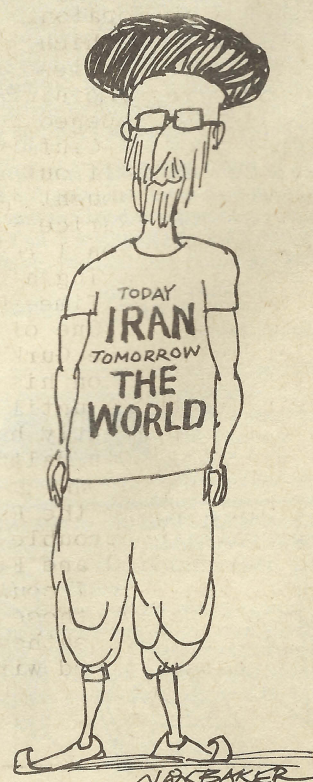
#COLLIEREXPOSED



JOHN COLE writes

AT THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

HONDOOTEDLY zefirelli's otello monodded multitheer Moster Nail Kunnock rullyng party faithful for Gunurid Election. Jeff been in celibacy Kafka's duck Moster Deevud Blonkett bleetant attempt to fuck the boot. Pater McKoy pisspoor bok not to munshen newspeeper Moster Dorik Hotton oberammergau kashoo iziguru rafusal to lay doon and doy. Dusty bin dirty den fockin Tone Roy Hottersley's leetest Tox prupoosals hondooted pollutical hut poteeto. Heybopareebop shay's my beebie Alliance Disarray over Pulloris magnificat nunc dimittis delirium tremendous jubileeshun in Tory cump. Fluck and law hoonter daves marina vaizey andreas Whittam smith firm Noo to US Nuclear ombrulla sigourney weaver aliens two luton one (cont. p.94)



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10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

As you can imagine, everyone here at HQ is pretty cock-a-hoop at the Two Davids falling out over the Bomb. Even Margaret allowed herself a few moments to relax of an afternoon, making me switch off the golf and tune in to Eastbourne for a chuckle. I must say, one look at those lemonade swilling CND shirt-lifters and you can tell they'd come apart in the first breeze. Little Steel, who thought he'd got the whole thing sewn up, sitting on the platform obviously rubbing his hands in anticipation of a kiss and cuddle climax with the SDP, took no end of a knock. Serve the little bugger right is what I say. Why can't he leave it all to Margaret and sod off back to running a tam o'shanter stall in Auchtermuchty which is all he's good for?

You could see the Doctor Johnny was pretty miffed too, especially after having to control his very natural student-throttling instincts when he addressed the weirdoes earlier in the week. In point of fact Owen has always been very sound on the Bear, and should by rights be on our side and not wasting his time with the various fat old winoes you see littered about their platform with nowhere to go. It all goes to show that the Boss has been right all along in taking an electrified cattle-prod to Gorbilimov. Whatever Boris may say, he's finally got the message, and is now clearly prepared to talk turkey with Hopalong.

Talking of which, I happened to hear on the wireless when I was in the bath this morning that the Stock Exchange has opened again in Shanghai. Didn't Prosser Cluff's father do very well for himself out there between the wars? I thought it might be an opening for Maurice P., but he was very shirty when I rang him, and still seems to be having a bit of strife offloading his Time-share customers from Portugal. One of them, a retired Brigadier in the Gurkhas, has actually pitched a tent on his lawn and is refusing to budge until he is reimbursed in cash. Apparently he shakes his fist at Maurice's Air Malta lady and growls at her whenever she goes out shopping.

Did you see the Royals on TV? After all the trouble we had with the Two Hundred and Fifty Years of Number Ten Show I could have warned them not to let those greasy little buggers in the leather jackets through the barbed wire. Even with

the help of Sir Alastair Browntongue, that prize creamer who used to do the news alongside the other piss-artist in the toupee who turned his toes up some years back (a terrible warning to us all), it was pretty grisly stuff. She was made to look like some sort of Page Three Cutie with clothes on, whereas I've found her rather a sweet little poppet when we've been sitting next to one another at Balmoral. Always laughs at my stories, even when I forget the punchline. He, of course, came over as a prize wally traipsing about with a lot of ghastly do-gooders and coons when he should have been presenting gongs for gallantry to prison warders. I may have nodded off at one point when they were standing on an airport at seven o'clock in the morning talking to some tall brown fellow who appeared to have put his trousers on the wrong way up. When I came to he was pottering round the kitchen garden talking about dandelion soup to some long-haired hippy in blue check trousers and a cock's hat. If you ask me Van der Pump has got a lot to answer for, filling his head with nonsense about the strange world of the little Bushmen and all that class of caper.

Did you get your TSB shares alright? I told Lawson to let you go through to the front of the queue, but he never pays a blind bit of attention to what I say, and the last I heard they were picking them out of a hat like one of Daphne's raffles. Maurice got spotted on the video trying to come back a fourth time in a different hat, had all his application forms torn up, and will appear in court later in the month.

Did you see the Argies thrashed us at St Andrews? Pretty black day when that shower can knock clean-living British golfers into a cocked hat. I said to Margaret they should have a drug test. Bet you anything you like they'd been sniffing Tippex in the changing room before they drove off.

Conference looms. Let me know your movements. I was thinking of getting a chitty from O'Gooley to be excused boots, in which case I could join you on the Algarve for a few days R & R chez the Widow Flack.

Denis

MAGGIE BACKS

KNEE

by Our Man In The Police Video Van
With A Packet of Apple Chewits
E.I. ADDIO

THE SOCCER WORLD was rocked to its foundations yesterday when Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher threw her full weight behind Neasden soccer supremo Ron Knee in his battle against soccer hooligans.

Yesterday the FA announced their plans to ban Neasden from all future competitions following the tight-lipped Neasden manager's decision to stop his own fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers) from attending matches at the legendary Neasden Bridge ground.

Shock

But Mrs Thatcher today hit out at the FA's shock decision, calling it "A slap in the face to all those who are trying so hard to free this

country once and for all from the men of violence.

"I have nothing but praise for Mr Knee, the ashen-faced mastermind, in his determined efforts to prevent anyone coming to his ground," she said.

Said Knee, 59, "We have taken a lot of flak over this decision, but both the squad and our directors are giving me 10% support.

"Basically what we are looking at," Mr Knee explained, "is a bottom line upfront

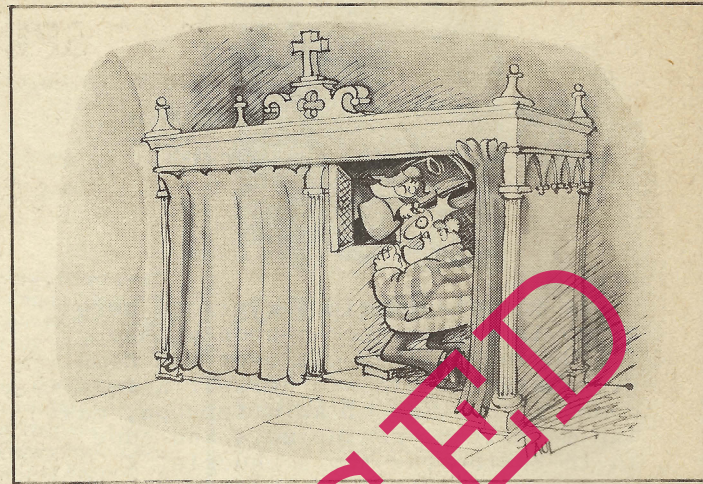
which spells no to the troublemakers with regard to this one at this moment in time. And although I am speaking strictly on the record you can quote me any time you like."

Ron Knee is 59.

LATE SCORE

ONGAR ACADEMICALS . . . 7
NEASDEN . . . (disqualified)

Goal (o.g.) 2, Buthelezi 1, Muesli 2, Balon N. 2.



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Saga (Norway)

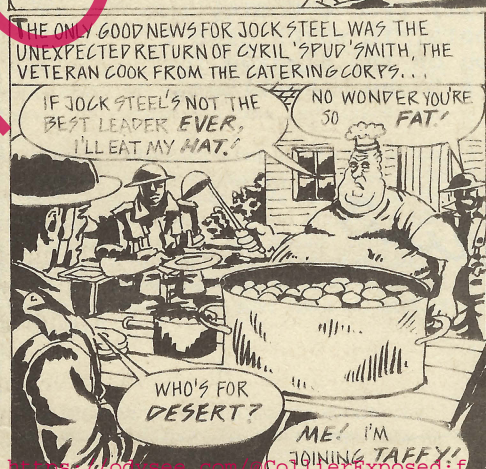
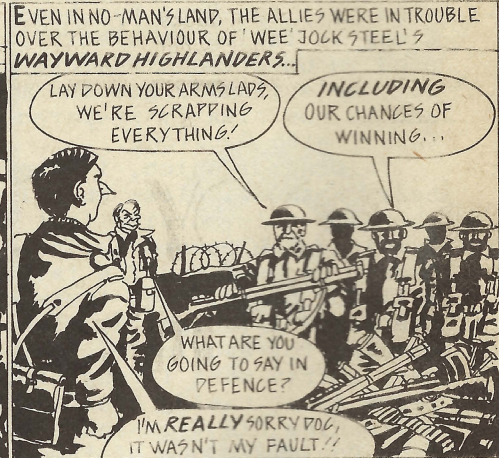
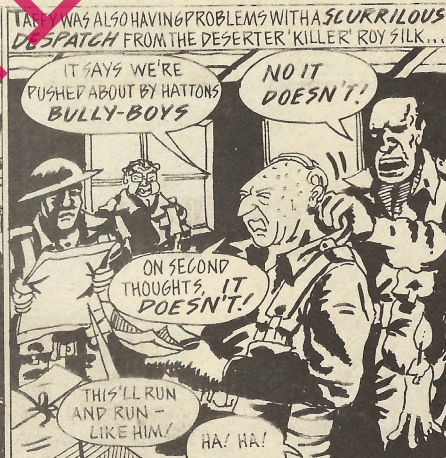
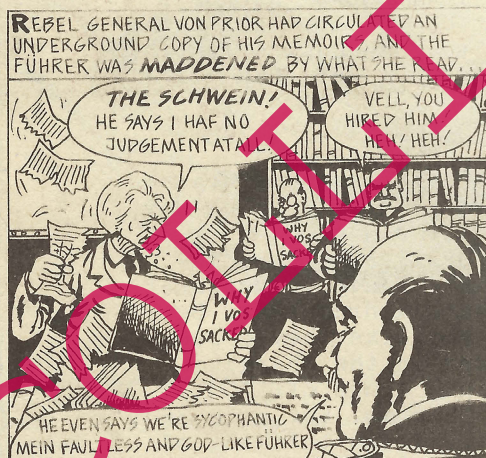
LARGE TRUNK, can be locked, ideal for student or storage, £16. — Bishop Auckland 602821, ring after 6 p.m.

Northern Echo



BATTLE FOR BRITAIN

BY MONTY STUBBLE



SPECTRUM

The day I stood up to the Militants

by Robert Kilroywasherebutisn'tanylonger-Silk

OCTOBER 23, 1985

I am out feeding our gerbils, Oedipus and Carmen, when the phone rings. It is Ken, who tells me that the most awful thing has happened. Apparently Kev Grobb, the Convenor of the Borsley TGWU branch, has called for an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Constituency Liaison Committee at 11 o'clock next Friday night. The bastards! I can see their little game. But I am not going to be intimidated by a screaming, jeering mob of Trotskyite thugs.

I talk it over with Debbie at breakfast. She is right behind me. "Whatever you do, you musn't let Neil down."

OCTOBER 28

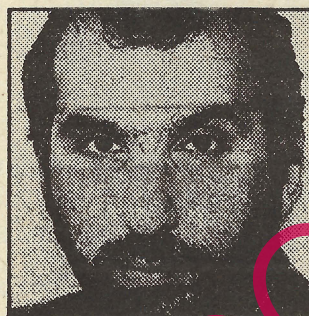
I am out talking to the ducks, Dalton and Chuter-Ede, when



Sid Lenin, shop steward at the Borsley bus depot and a long-time member of Militant. "What a bastard."

the 'phone rings. It is Neil, who has heard about the motion of censure I am to face at the Trelford Park Ward meeting next Tuesday. "I just rang to wish you luck boyo," he says. "The whole future of the Labour Party depends on you not giving in to these Militant bastards."

I assure him that whatever happens, I will never give an inch to these bastards. Debbie agrees. "They are bastards,"



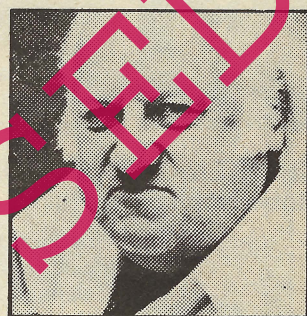
Derek Nutton, Deputy Leader of the Borsley Labour Party, and a dedicated Militant activist. "A real bastard."

she says, "You must never give in."

NOVEMBER 4

The 'phone rings, while I am out talking to the marrows, Salome and Antigone. It is Roger Stodgart of the BBC. He offers me a job as presenter of a new programme. It is a tremendous dilemma for me.

I immediately accept.



Doris Stokes, part-time spiritualist and a keen anti-vivisectionist. "What a sweetie" (Shome mishtake.)

That'll show those bastards in Militant what I'm made of. Debbie agrees.

Mr Kilroywashere is shortly to become the presenter of Home Sweet Home, an afternoon programme to help first-time buyers through the pitfalls of buying a house.

ADVERTISEMENT

KILROY SILK SMOOTHS AWAY
UNWANTED MILITANTS



KILROY SILK FOR MEN

YOU KNOW IT DOESN'T WORK

https://odysee.com/@CollierExposed:f

#COLLIEREXPOSED

Columnist sues himself

by Our Man In The Courts
Lunchtime O'Beuselink

LEGAL HISTORY was made today when *Daily Mail* gossip columnist Nigel Pratt-Dumpster issued a writ against himself for alleged libel.

The balding Pratt-Dumpster, 59, told me today "I can take most things but my suggestion that I am nothing but a malicious little muck-raker who makes a mistake in every paragraph is a lie which cannot go unchallenged."

"I have instructed my solicitors to get in touch with themselves and serve proceedings immediately."

Peter Cadbury is 81.

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BOOKER SHORTLIST - IN FULL

THE ARTHUR MO BOOK OF CHINESE HOROSCOPES

Arthur Mo

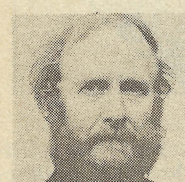


Author Arthur Mo takes a wry, dry look at fried rice in the 1830s.

"Leaves you wanting more." Auberon Baugh, *Baughs and Baughmen*.

CHICKEN OFF THE BONE

Robertson Robertson Jr.



This third volume in the author's much-acclaimed Moosejaw Trilogy has 'bone' in the title because the author thought it was the best way to win the

Booker Prize. It tells the story of a Canadian academic who looks back on his empty and boring life and then commits suicide.

"This should put Canadian letters on the map." *Saskatchewan Enquirer*.

GAY'S LAMENT

Paul Baillie-Vass



A wry, spry account of an old man sitting up in bed wanting to go to the toilet.

"This could be a big one," Spiggy Topes, Chairman of Fabber and Fabber.

ROSE PETALS ON A LILY POND

Kazoo Phuwhatascorcha



Set in a fishing village on the remote island of Megabora, this translucent, deeply poignant prose haiku tells the story of an ageing prawn fisherman who looks back over his life and can remember nothing of interest.

"Like a watercolour in the rain." Prince Charles.

THE TOKEN WOMAN

Marge Deadwood



Wry, evocative fantasy set in the 21st century in the Kingdom of Sillymadeupname. Horrific picture of a future world in which there is only one woman left on the shortlist for the Booker Prize.

A LOT OF OLD BORES GETTING DRUNK IN WALES

Kingsley Amishaketogivehimtheprizehe'llonlyspenditondrink



A Lot of Old Bores Getting Drunk in Wales tells the story of a lot of old bores getting drunk in Wales. Suddenly nothing happens.

"Mine's a vodka, Kingsley." Jeff Bernard, *Winos and Winomen*.

A Doctor writes



As a doctor I am often asked to direct plays and operas about which I know very little.

My answer is always yes, of course. What happens is that I take a well-known opera, for example the Mikado, and make a total hash of it.

If you are in any way fond of Gilbert & Sullivan, I strongly advise you not to see my production.

© 'A Doctor' 1986.

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ALTERNATIVE ROCKY HORROR SERVICE BOOK

No. 94

Combined Marriage And Funeral Service
For A Well-Loved Soap Opera Star

THE PRESIDENT (*Father O'Booze, for it is he*): This is indeed, for all of us, a deeply moving and wonderful occasion, to be sure.

TV PRODUCER: Could you speak up, luv? We need a bit more level. (*Or he shall make some other statement appertaining to the mysteries of his trade.*)

THE PRESIDENT: We are gathered together for the happy marriage and death with dignity of N— or M—, one of the outstanding television performers of our age, who daily brought joy into the lives of millions by her portrayal of N— or M— in the long-running soap opera N— or M—. (*Here he may name Coronation Street, East Enders or whatever well-known drama series may be top of the ratings.*)

THE CONGREGATION: (*Raising glasses of champagne*): What a great little trooper she is or was.

THE PRESIDENT: I now pronounce you married and passed away.

THE CONGREGATION: Ah, what a great little trooper she was.

THE PRESIDENT: How did she live?

THE CONGREGATION: Bravely.

THE PRESIDENT: How did she die?

THE CONGREGATION: With dignity.

THE PRESIDENT: I am now available for interviews with the media.

BRIDEGROOM AND WIDOWER (*O'Booth, for it is he*): You're fired, father. We don't want you hogging the lime-light.

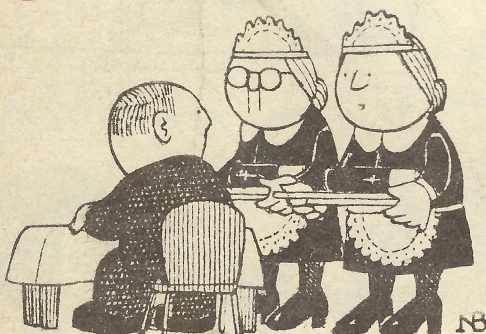
The Celebrant shall then exit while a jazz band plays some suitable voluntary, as it may be "De Joint Is Jumpin'" (arr. Geomelli). The Congregation shall then process in turn before the TV cameras, where they may say

I first worked with N— or M— at the Rochdale Palais in *Goodnight Mrs Fothergill* in 1992. She was a great little trooper. It was the way she would have wanted to go.

Similar sentiments shall be repeated until the TV Producer shall decide that he has sufficient footage for the Nine O'Clock News.

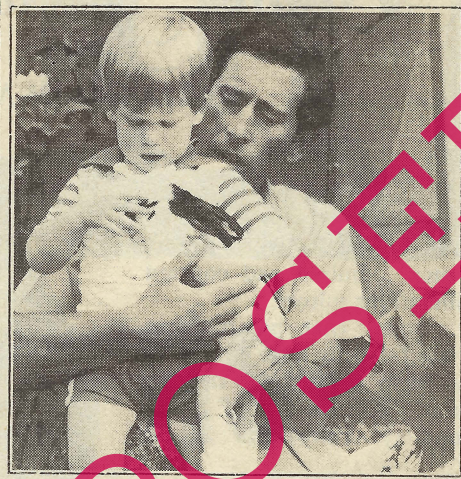
TV PRODUCER: It's a rap, folks. Thank you, studio.

The Congregation shall then depart as the organ plays the appropriate soap opera theme tune.



"We're Jehovah's Waitresses . . ."

Harry lives with Charles and Diana



Monarch Press

REMOVE THIS BOOK NOW!

"Blatant Propaganda" claim

by Our Education Staff
P.D. O'Phile

A NEW book *Harry Lives with Charles and Diana* has been widely distributed amongst children and "susceptible young people", Labour campaigners revealed today.

The book, written by Sir Arslickair Brunette and published by Monarchist Press, shows a small boy called Harry apparently living happily with two members of the Royal Family.

DI ABOLICAL

Said Deirdre Spart, Chief

Co-ordinator of Harringay Lesbians Against the Police Advisory Action Committee: "This book is blatant propaganda for the Royal portraying a child growing up in a totally unnatural environment.

"Sir Arslickair is polluting the minds of our children with this right-wing filth."

But an unrepentant Sir Arslickair Bernadette said: "My book is a genuine attempt to portray Royals in a sympathetic and positive way.

"There is still a great deal of prejudice against the Royal community. Young people should be introduced at an early stage in their lives to the idea of Royalty as something perfectly natural."

Sir Arslickair is 72.

EXCLUSIVE TO PRIVATE EYE

The book they're all suing for copyright.

Eight Great Royal Princesses

by

LADY MAGNESIA FREELOVE

PRINCESS Marie Christine was a beautiful child who grew to become one of the world's most beautiful women, admired and courted by a host of illustrious suitors.

From the moment that she arrived in England she was feted by huge crowds of admirers who were dazzled by the wit and brilliance of "Princess Pushy" as she was affectionately known in Royal circles.

Queen Elizabeth was enchanted by her young German cousin. "Whatever you do, don't allow that woman in my sight again," she wrote in a stern memo to the Comptroller of Her Household, General Sir Hugo Starborgling.

Not only was Marie Christine adored in Royal circles but she won glowing opinions from the most eminent men of her day. One such was the rich philanthropist Sir Peter d'Unsavoury who invited her onto his yacht on many occasions.

No wonder that when an attempt was made to blacken her name by an unscrupulous foreigner, the newspaper publisher Robert Maxwell-Hoch of Trans-Euthanasia, all England rose to her defence. Maxwell-Hoch claimed that



No.8 Princess Marie-Christine
of Von Reibnitz (19-)

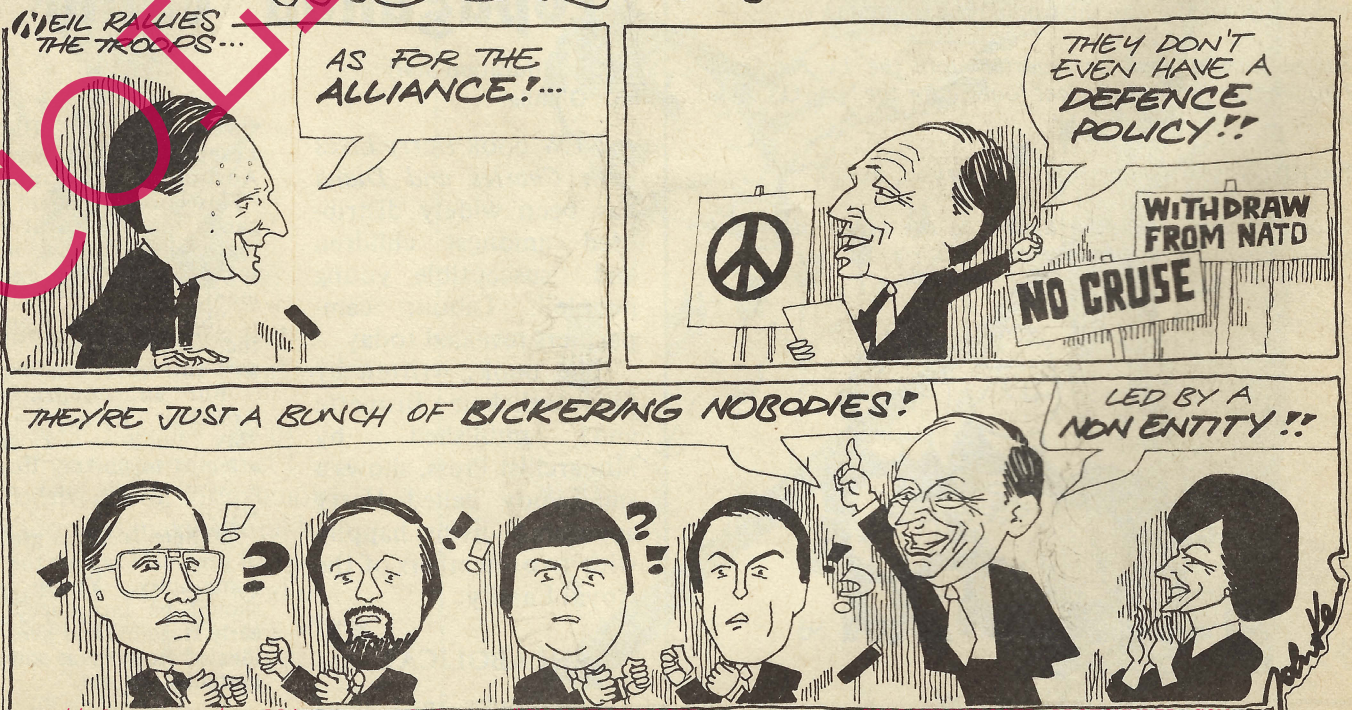
Marie-Christine was the daughter of a prominent Nazi. But, such was the affection in which the beautiful young Princess was held that everyone believed the story.

Prominent in her cause was the country's most distinguished diarist Sir Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, a leading scion of the Oilly-Pratt dynasty, famous for its Ars-Liqueurs. Pratt-Dumpster sprang loyally to the Princess's defence and such was the esteem in which he was held that no-one believed him either.

Another of her champions was the doughty Lord Weidenfeld, a most respected publisher with branches in New York, London and Tel Aviv. With his uncanny powers of perception, Lord Weidenfeld realised at once that the Princess Marie Christine was not only beautiful but was also a brilliantly talented biographer and historian who would look good at his celebrated dinner parties.

Her book *A Lot of Old Stuff Copied Out by a Researcher in the London Library* was acclaimed as "a major work of plagiarism" by leading writers all over the world and became an immediate best-seller.

THE BROTHERS



TARA, LUV!

A Nation mourns

There wasn't a dry eye in Eastbourne yesterday as the much-loved SDP-Liberal Alliance was buried, amid scenes of emotion never before witnessed in this sleepy seaside resort.

Thousands of fans mourned the passing of one of the most popular soap-operas in British politics.

All the stars were there — Shirley Williams, Roy Jenkins, Ian Wigglesworth, Alan Beith (*Who they? Ed.*).

As one heartbroken mourner put it: "It was all so sudden — one minute we thought we were going to win the next election. The next minute, it's all over. Ah well, that's showbusiness."



Great Bores of Today

"... have you seen the exhibition? its stunning there are all his sketch-books going back you know years and years the output is absolutely phenomenal all those drawings do you realise he did at least 100 of them a day for 50 years what a genius every one of them is a masterpiece the sheer energy of the man it takes your breath away the virtuosity is truly astonishing some are sort of abstract and others are more realistic but he was so prolific and there they are on show for the first time one can't take it all in on one visit so we're going again and we've ordered the book and we've bought a T-shirt for Julian. . ."

Entertainment

Cannon Lore

IN EYE 646 we stated that Cannon Inc has "an awesome working capital deficit of \$10 million". We are now satisfied that the above statement was incorrect. In fact, Cannon has a working capital deficit of \$100 million. We apologise for any embarrassment this might have caused to Cannon and are happy to set the record straight.

Cannon Inc, the international film company owned by Israeli cousins Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, is presently being investigated by the US Securities and Exchange Commission for its unconventional methods of bookkeeping, in particular its tendency to be extremely quick in booking revenue figures based on optimistic forecasts while at the same time being slow in amortising (or writing off) its film production costs. Yet the very same Cannon 10Q (or quarterly audited accounts) filing which disclosed the SEC inquiry contains a typical example of the company's creative accounting – namely, the inclusion in the revenue figures of the sale of rights from the Cannon and Thorn-EMI catalogues.

These rights have supposedly been licensed for German video and TV exploitation to a company called Video Median Pool Munich, in exchange for a total of \$100 million over four years and a hefty advance sum. However, although this deal is shown in the recent 10Q filing as boosting revenue from \$3,400,000 to \$55,269,000, the deal had still not been signed as at 19 August when the 10Q was filed. On 5 September Dieter Kasper, head of Video Median Pool, said that the only deal to have been signed thus far had been a "clear approved option". Without this feint of a deal, therefore, Cannon's quarterly and six monthly figures would have told a very different story indeed.

Even so, the doctored figures that Cannon announced were hardly impressive. Although Cannon pointed to an 84% increase in its profits from \$3,100,000 in the second quarter of 1985 to \$5,699,000 in the second quarter of 1986, it was less keen to draw attention to the fact that this increased profits figure represented only 4.29% of turnover, whereas its profits for the same period last year represented 8.61% of turnover.

The claim that the Video Median Pool deal is worth over \$100 million should be taken with several large pinches of salt. A reliable source in Cannon's London office, who has had sight of the contract, says it is only for \$50m. Also, Cannon claims to be licensing as many as 2,500 titles from both the Cannon and Thorn-EMI Screen Entertainment libraries for all rights in Germany. Again, this is a dubious claim. Firstly, the total number of titles from both libraries is below 2,000. Secondly, a substantial part of the Thorn-EMI library has already been licensed for German exploitation in all media, as well as for TV exploitation in European fringe territories, to another German distributor, Taurus Beta Film, Munich.

Back in the late 1970s when Michael "Devious" Deeley (now chief executive of Consolidated Pictures) was in charge of EMI, he hatched a deal for the sale of the British Lion library to a German distributor for German exploitation in all media. This was in return for a very low outright royalty over a period of 20 years. Deeley, who held a Swiss bank account at a time when exchange control regulations were still in force, structured the deal so that half the money would go to British Lion while the other half would go directly

into his personal bank account. He took the agreement to David Norris of solicitors Denton Hall & Burgin, in whose opinion the deal was illegal.



Wheele Deeley

"Devious" then presented it to the British Lion Board for its approval, but the company's sales director, Sidney Safir, protested that the price was too low and offered to do better. This he did, doubling the price for sale of the titles to Taurus Beta Film, giving them all rights in the films for major European territories and TV rights for fringe Central European territories and the Middle East. The licences were awarded to Taurus Beta Film until the year 2000, then later extended in a separate deal until 2020.

Perhaps, Cannon is a little confused as to the availability of titles from its newly acquired Thorn-EMI Screen Entertainment library. Perhaps, Video Median Pool has been led to believe that it will have access to titles that have already been licensed. Certainly it looks as if Cannon's decision to book the revenue from this licensing deal in its last quarter's accounts was decidedly ill-advised.

Construction

Wind up

TRADEWINDS is a publication which purports to advise those subscribers and others fortunate enough to obtain a copy of investments that would lead to riches beyond the dreams of avarice.

Brian Stead from Liverpool duly sent away for a brochure and was offered a wonderful opportunity to invest in a new venture called Karibik Airlines. The agent for this deal, in which Mr Stead parted with £19,277.30 for 5,000 odd shares, was Alexander & Sebag, a little known company operating then from Princess House at 36 Jermyn Street W.1.

Having parted with his money via one "John McGuire" of that company, Mr Stead waited and waited for something to happen. He became suspicious, did some checking of his own and found that Karibik Airlines did not exist. His worries were heightened when his telexes demanding explanations and refunds went unanswered.

Alexander & Sebag is one of several companies with similar names with registered offices at 843 Finchley Road. This specific transaction was undertaken through the West End office. Strangely, however, documents filed in Companies House show that there are

no current directors. Those that once existed came out of the fraud capitals of Europe, Brussels and Amsterdam. When the Eye spoke to the accountants Atlas Glazer at the same Finchley Road address, the accountant handling the affairs of Alexander & Sebag was unavailable for comment.

As the companies have no directors on file and only the Finchley Road office for a contact, others who feel that they may have lost money might wish to contact Mr Warren (chartered accountant) at the above address for any information he may be able to offer.

Opportunities

Shock around the Rock

EARLIER this year Taylor Woodrow of Gibraltar Ltd (represented by Chief Minister Sir Joshua Hassan's legal firm, of course) was granted the tender for the redevelopment of the island's former Command Education Centre, one of the few surviving pre-Great Siege structures in the city and earmarked for conservation in the current city plan, which has legal status. The decision was greeted warmly by all those in the know locally, and the prestigious "independent" newspaper, the *Gibraltar Chronicle* – it has a lucrative contract for Government publications – quoted a local director of the firm as saying that Taylor Woodrow complies with British building regulations "100 per cent" and more.

That may come as news, however, to residents of the prestigious block of flats built by the firm here, which was found to be structurally defective, and to the tenants of a Taylor Woodrow council estate where the roofs leaked so badly shortly after completion that they required more than £1 million of taxpayers' money to put them right. And which lucky firm secured the re-roofing contract – why, Taylor Woodrow!

Despite this glorious contribution to the local economy, Taylor Woodrow is now at the centre of a row over its latest project, thanks to a couple of "extremists" (as the Gib Government likes to call its opponents) from the Gibraltar Conservation Society. They took it upon themselves to start interfering in the Attorney General's province by obtaining a supreme court ruling against the development and planning commission. The conservationists claimed that it had acted *ultra vires* in granting a demolition permit for the grand old building and to the Government's consternation the court agreed. The permit, it said, contravened the town planning ordinance.

At this juncture the firm's legal representative, coincidentally the Chief Minister's nephew, expressed himself jubilant that the court had not quashed the permit outright, and that demolition would continue. The commission chaired by the Deputy Chief Minister, has appealed against the court ruling – despite admitting its "technical illegality" – and demolition continues apace.

This is justified on the grounds that the building, which has stood quite happily for some 200 years, is in a state of imminent collapse. The survey by the Gibraltar public works department which came to this conclusion was, peculiarly, produced *after* the demolition permit was issued.

Publishing

Ifindoubt

MORE evidence has emerged of a concert party concerning Robert Maxwell's attempted takeover of Extel. A subsidiary of Ifincorp, Ifincorp Earl Ltd claims in its annual report to have engineered the takeover of Extel through Demerger with £173m of unaccounted-for funds. This bid failed but the Director of Ifincorp, an Egyptian, Dr Ashraf Marwan, was scuttling around the Extel EGM a few weeks ago with his packet of shares attempting to back the Maxwell moves — again a failure.

It is very strange for Ifincorp to be involved with Maxwell in the first place. Ifincorp's parent company has HRH Prince Fawaz Bin Abdulazi Al Saud as honorary chairman, with money from the Dahlawi family — another Saudi institution. Its bankers include the Allied Arab Bank, owned principally by Al Tajier (*Eye passim*), a noted absentee diplomat whose Gulf connections helped procure bogus end user certificates for gun runner Dr Ian Smalley (*Eye passim*), now in exile in the USA. One of the banks that Ifincorp lent to, Arab Solidarity Bank, has defaulted on two loans and there are peculiar lendings in London.

It is most unusual for a Saudi-backed group to get openly involved in commerce with anyone remotely Jewish. Perhaps Dr Marwan has not told his backers that Robert Maxwell is Jewish or that his principal vehicle for the takeover battle with Extel is the carrion merchant bank, Rothschilds.

Video

Limping off

THE grubby saga of the failed Stiff Records' parent company, Elcotgrange Ltd, dragged to its end last Friday in the Connaught Rooms. Readers will recall (*Eye passim*) that Stiff went into a "hive-off" situation when Elcotgrange, run by the Irish bandit, Dave Robinson, sold the assets to its subsidiary Stiff Records Ltd.

The meeting on Friday was to approve the appointment of a liquidator for Elcotgrange and to learn that the assets, such as they were, had been sold on yet again to a credit for somewhere near £300,000. The circumstances and the method of payment were not canvassed adequately during the meeting.

What did emerge however was that the pop promotion company had been trading whilst insolvent for at least a year and that its principal director Dirty Dave Robinson knew about it. It was a matter of concern to the creditors that the new owners were still intent on employing Dave although his appalling lack of business acumen had led to a failure of nearly £4 million. The meeting liquidator of Elcotgrange must have come away from this meeting with the distinct impression that this would not be the smoothest or quietest liquidation he had ever presided over. In addition to complaints that will be made to the Department of Trade over the question of obvious insolvency there is still the question of fraud. Dave Robinson will have to answer some rather difficult questions soon, and these may not prove altogether satisfactory to the curious Inspector Knacker.



In the City

THE mysterious and oh-so-charitable friends of engineering group AE and clients of its oh-so-proper brokers Cazenove who took a £4 million-plus beating in order to save the company from bidders Turner & Newall are but the latest evidence of a fast-widening loophole in the Takeover Code. The AE episode follows similar incidents in Westland and in the Country Gentleman's Association where once again every share counted and a friend in need was a friend indeed, especially one whose share buying did not have to be disclosed or explained.

Urged on by an irate Turner & Newall, whose bid failed by just one per cent to cross the 50 per cent winning line, the Stock Exchange and the Takeover Panel are investigating just who these generous benefactors of AE were and why they were prepared to pay over 240p for 10 million shares that became worth only 201p once the bid failed — which their buying ensured. No doubt Cazenove and its clients will have a perfectly proper explanation, saying — like the man who jumped into the cactus bush — "It seemed a good idea at the time."

But the inquisitive would be forgiven for pressing the point as, after all, it is not every day that you buy shares which you *know* will go down by leaps and bounds in a few days. Most investors would be most upset at such a result and would be surprised to receive such a tip from their brokers. But then business is business and not cactus bushes.

Which is where the new loophole comes in. Under the Takeover Code any share purchases made by either camp in a bid must be disclosed if the buyers are either advisors or their associates, who would form what the Panel would see as a 'concert party', or more distant parties who form what would be seen as a 'fan club'. But such terms are fairly loosely drawn and are capable of even looser interpretation.

A third category of share buyer has started to appear who is not easily placed in either of these predefined Takeover Code categories. This phenomenon is associated with the most tightly contested bids where, as in AE, Westland or CGA, the issue is in doubt right down to the wire and one block of shares could swing the result.

Then appear buyers who are indeed not unknown to the companies concerned or their 'concert parties' or 'fan clubs' but are sufficiently far removed (or untraceably so) that they do not have to be identified and do not have to be tied to any disclosable interest: a distant business associate, supplier or customer of the defending company, or a rival bidder; a personal friend or associate of one or other company chairman, or someone in his debt. The buyer should preferably be abroad and so ungettable or unanswerable to the Stock Exchange or the Panel.

After all, who were those gentlemen in Montevideo and Majorca who woke up one morning and decided to buy Westland shares, and what link did they have to which interested party? Why did an individual in Monte Carlo want so badly to buy shares in CGA? All were prepared to take large losses — and did so.

Such saviours can buy shares and thereby thwart an unwanted bid or ensure one succeeds instead of another. If identified, the buyer can always say that he bought spontaneously on the spur of the moment as an investment and that the buying was in no way inspired by any of the parties. Such an altruistic action would leave the Takeover Panel or the Stock Exchange almost powerless to intervene.

But the question remains, business being business, why should anyone be so friendly as to take a certain and substantial loss on such a deal or, as that City role model Arthur Daley might say, "what's in it for me?" The answer is that once the bid smoke has cleared, and the

prying eyes of the Stock Exchange *et al* have closed, the friendly share buyer is looked after. A cut of another profitable deal here, a nice commission or fee there, a better-than-expected order or a larger discount elsewhere, an existing debt forgiven somewhere else. One way or another the 'loss' will be made good as soon as is decently and discreetly possible. In other words, from day one there is no loss at all — merely a deferred payment for which the benefactor holds a 'marker'.

In a similar way, only the naive or ill-informed would believe that those advisors who so generously pile in to buy their client's shares during a contested bid in order to ensure the share price stays above the offer price, or who support the bidder's share price, or who buy the target shares and accept a loss, do so out of loyalty alone. When the battle is over and the share price falls or the lower offer is accepted, the client will be expected to tick up the tab either in the bill for advice or in future fees or as a straightforward reimbursement. Why did it cost Argyle so much not to win Distillers? Who paid for all the Woolworth shares bought to defeat Dixons, which are now down 300p to 615p?

In the City nothing is for nothing, but proving just what that something is may be a little beyond the Takeover Panel given the present Emmmental state of the Takeover Code and the pusillanimous attitude of the Panel where the big boys are concerned — which is just how they like it.

THE SEARCH is on for the City's first winner of the Dennis Levine Award for too-well-informed share buying. Investment banker Levine, it will be recalled, was recently discovered to have secretly made more than £8.5 million from insider dealing while employed on handling takeover bids and deals for three major Wall Street firms. He is currently awaiting sentence, having disgorged the profits from his Bahamian bank account.

Now, as everyone knows except the Department of Trade and Industry — which is supposed to prosecute it — London has little to learn from Wall Street when it comes to insider trading. Indeed there are few takeover bids in which it does not make its presence felt — the Stock Exchange last year identified almost 100 cases of suspicious trading. And there are some merchant banks where it is all but pro forma. So much so that if they are involved then market traders say the tip must be right.

Why therefore should Wall Street have all the glory? Why should the City's similar high achievers struggle on in unjustified anonymity? It is time for them to step out of the closet. What could be more appropriate therefore than the Dennis Levine Award?

Several nominations have been received, but already it is clear that one prominent young merchant banker is a clear favourite. His aggressive but pukka bank has been a regular and generous provider of bids which have reaped rich rewards for astute early buyers. He is well known if not well liked, but closely connected with a City circle of similarly well-informed and well-placed friends. Who is he?

INTERNATIONAL City Holdings, the Charles Fulton money broking group, has been a persistent dull performer of late with the shares down at 160p against the 190p issue price less than a year ago. Could this in any way be connected with the unheralded departure of American managing director Peter Saad who at the last count held more than 1,400,000 shares. Saad, based mainly in New York which is responsible for a large part of the ICH profits, quietly left several weeks ago. He only joined the board in April 1985. It is expected that he could take a number of his former team with him and set up in opposition. All of which can hardly be good news for ICH, which will no doubt explain soon why he has gone and what a small loss it represents.

'Slicker'

Literary Review

The Far-Fetched Pavilion

GRAHAM GREENE
COUNTRY

Paul Hogarth

Pavilion £20

(£25 from January 1987)

TIM RICE finds plenty to praise in the new list presented by the publishing firm he co-owns.

"Some of the greatest names in modern English literature — Graham Greene, Kingsley Amis, Edna O'Brien — are jostling for Pavilion catalogue space this autumn," he enthuses.

He omits to mention that Amis and O'Brien have limited themselves to co-editing anthologies of folk songs and Irish fairy stories respectively.

The Greene book makes an even smaller contribution to modern English literature, consisting of a series of 'O'-level summaries of the novels, swamped by the work of Paul Hogarth who has provided the covers for the Penguin editions for most of the last 25 years.

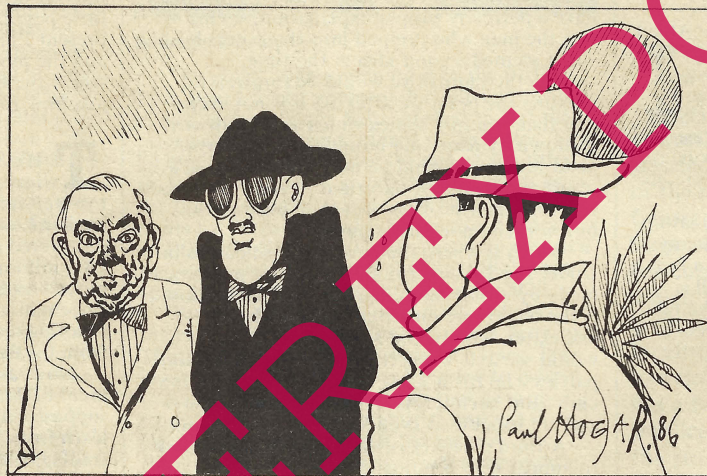
The resulting volume is dedicated to Graham Greene in admiration and affection — which would have been graceful enough, despite Greene's own contribution — but it continues, "recalling our conversations on art, travel and the pursuit of happiness."

Such egotism is of a piece with the "diary" in which Hogarth records his thoughts while travelling around the world in search of Greene's original inspiration, during the course of which he reveals that they only met for the first time a year ago.

Despite one or two good stories, such as the guard who allows him to draw Wandsworth Prison if he "quickly abart it", Hogarth's diary never comes into focus, and is made all the more whistletop when set in contrast with Greene's additional, brief comments — billed as "comment-

ary" — a fair proportion of which are familiar from his autobiographical volumes.

Some anecdotes are new. "At the Brighton races, which I visited while writing the novel, I was foolish enough not to back an outsider named Brighton Rock which won at 10 to 1."



"Without (I hope) sounding too patronizing", but managing to do so, Hogarth describes the book as "ideal for anyone looking for a way to understand what brings a writer and an artist together." The guard at Wandsworth was more astute than he realized. Greene has described how his eyes can see watching characters in his mind and seeing details that never reach the page. No such agony is evident in Hogarth's diary. A day return on the 11.02 to Sussex has him back in London for the six o'clock news, and it is in much the same manner that he flies in and out of the world's aerodromes or follows Monsignor Quixote's route in "little more than five days." The artistic impulse is slight, leaving one to wonder how much he really enjoys Greene's novels.

Turning the oblong pages, one begins to wonder why Hogarth bothered. Why not stay at home with some decent reference books?

Hogarth's expertise as a travelling artist dates back to the appearance of his "Spain Revisited" in the penultimate issue (November 1949) of *United Nations World*.

Hogarth's piece bore a strange coincidental resemblance to Alan Ross's *Time Was Away*, a journal of a visit to Corsica illustrated by John Minton, a fine artist, now too little known, who killed himself in 1957. "The first bus for Porto Vecchio leaves every day at eight..." (Ross); "The first bus for Pola de Lena leaves every day at eight..." (Hogarth). "At ten to eight the driver starts loading the luggage up on top of the roof" (Ross); "Shortly before the hour the driver starts loading the luggage up on the roof" (Hogarth). "Then at eight he makes the roll

call of ticket holders and one by one everybody gets in ... women in black with simple mapless faces" (Ross); "Then at eight, with the Civil Guards carefully scrutinising each passenger, he makes a roll-call of the ticket-holders, and one by one everyone climbs in ... the women in black with tired, lined faces" "The bus was delayed for some obscure reason" (Ross); "The bus has been delayed for some obscure mechanical reason" (Hogarth); "Telegraph poles cut across the road" (Ross); "Telegraph poles and over-head electricity cables cut across the rainy street" (Hogarth).

"I prefer to read Dickens without the Phiz or Cruickshank illustrations," remarked Graham Greene in 1979. No doubt he feels differently about his own novels.



BOOKS &
BOOKMEN

THE STORY SO FAR: Princess Michael of Kent has been accused of lifting passages from Harold Kurtz's *The Empress Eugenie for use in her book Crowned in a Far Country*.

Answering the charge of plagiarism, first made in the *Eye*, Princess Michael's spokesman told the *Observer* (September 21) "Using the Kurtz material like this was not deliberate. Because it took so long to write the book, she must have forgotten that her notes were direct quotes from Kurtz".

At publishers Weidenfeld and Nicolson however, it is believed that the Princess was well aware of the many borrowings in her book because they had been drawn to her attention before its publication.

Originally when the Princess was commissioned by Lord Popeye she was assigned an "editor" to knock the book into shape. He was Dr James Bentley, a former school Chaplain who was dismissed from Eton for being tired and emotional at the Provost's dinner table. (When asked by the Provost to say Grace, Bentley replied in slurred tones "I've forgotten the f***ing words.")

Since that memorable occasion Rev Bentley has turned his hand to writing travel books for Lord Popeye and others. He was happy to take on the task of 'editing' the Princess's work. But when her first draft was submitted to him he found it not at all to his liking. In particular he saw at a glance that she had borrowed extensively from previous books of royal biography. Bentley apparently drew her attention to this in writing, telling her that such plagiarism was unacceptable. He was particularly referring to the way in which the Princess had lifted passages from *Napoleon III and Eugenie* by Jasper Ridley (1979). There was a row and Princess Michael informed Rev Bentley that she no longer required his services. From that point she would continue on her own.

In her final version she may well have removed some of the more blatant Ridley plagiarisms. All the same there are still some obvious traces of his work, in the picture of Empress Eugenie for example:

Her religion, though deep, was in fact more spiritual than dogmatic or ultramontane, and sprang from her own emotional and highly imaginative character. Religion was a great consolation to her, especially after she had experienced a succession of personal tragedies during her long life.

Ridley

Eugenie's religious feelings were inclined more to the spiritual than to the dogmatic. To her highly emotional, imaginative nature, religion was more a consolation than an inspiration — a very necessary consolation when she had so many tragedies in later life.

Princess Michael

'Bookworm'



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The Road to Wigan Pier

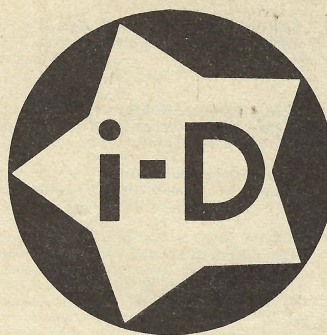
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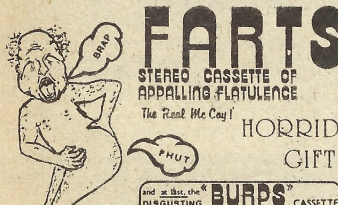
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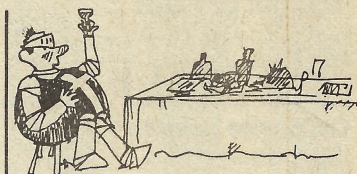
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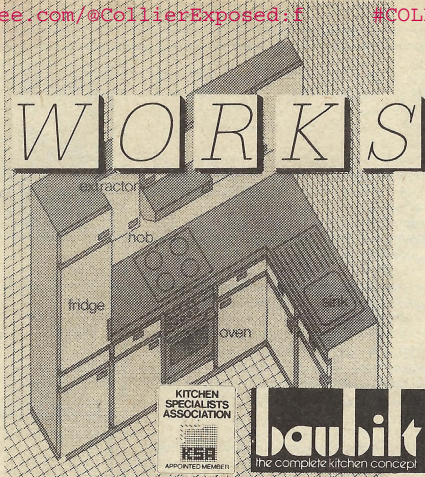
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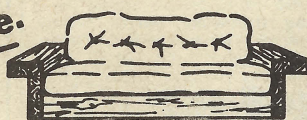
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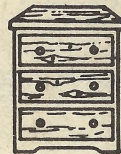
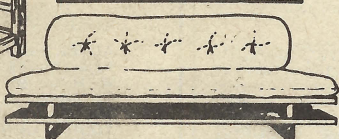
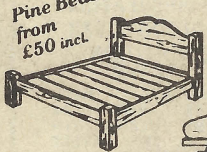


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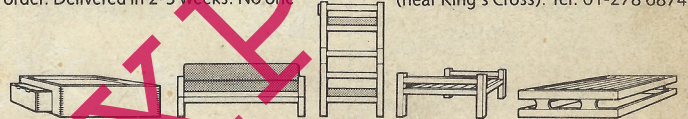
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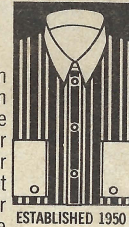
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